

The Industrial Pioneer

Mine Workers' Special Number

Mobilize for Class War

Events and Victims

A Complete Novelette

By Bartolomeo Vanzetti

Moving Mountains

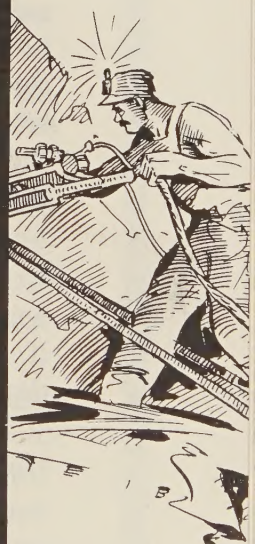
**Machine Revolutionizes
Mining**

Wobbles

Book Reviews

Biography


Cartoons



SEPTEMBER
20¢

An Illustrated Labor Month!

Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

HE working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



Mobilize for Class War

September 12 is "Defense Day," is mobilization day for the capitalist class of America. They have set aside and appointed this particular time to try their military machinery, to fling great masses of men together; to drill themselves in their rapid equipment, and to play, just to practice, the art of manslaughter.

Just as a test, the capitalist class of America will try for a day to weld us all into a gigantic lightning-flashing, thundering weapon of menace, to have it lying ready at hand for the war lords of Wall Street to seize and wield like Thor's skull-splitting hammer our fathers believed in.

"Defense Day" is a day of doom, a day of death, to all workers—full of threat of war, begetting anger and fear in the debtor nations against whom it is a demonstration.

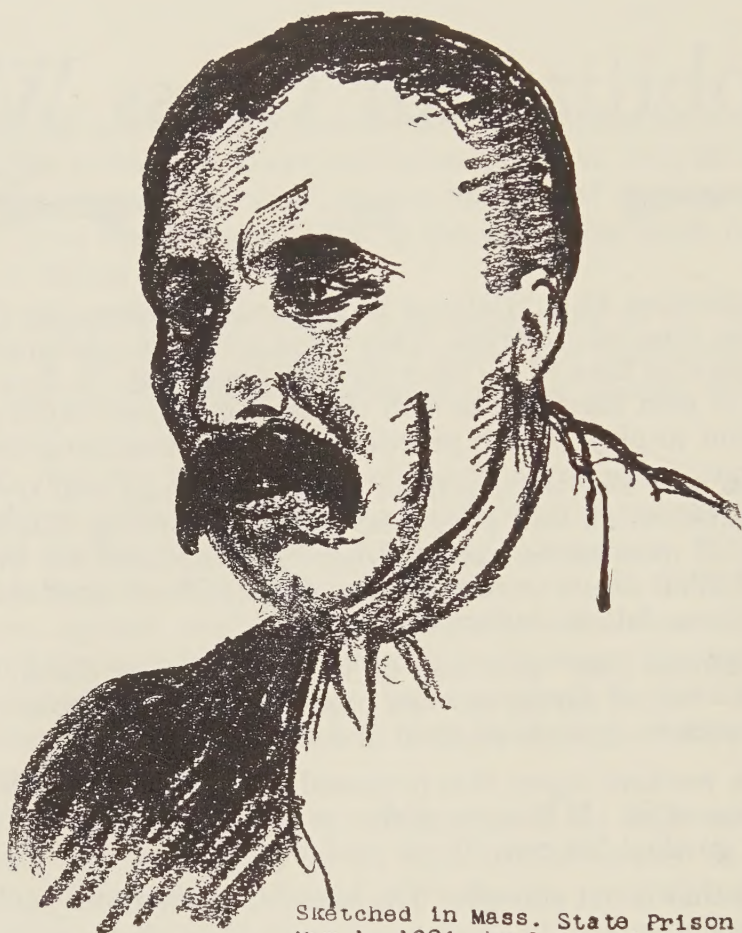
We workers reject this proposed war absolutely! We will have none of it! If Morgan wishes to collect his debts in Europe, let him go shed his own blood—not our blood.

But that is not enough. The hosts of murder and spoliation are in training.

We must be organized, too, and ready of speech; we must be determined; we must be trained, and aggressive, if we are to save them from the buzzard's feast the money masters are preparing for them.

We, the IWW, the fighting vanguard of the labor movement, must rally the working class; we must mobilize ourselves; we must oppose the army of toil to the army of massacre; we must assault, turn over, and entirely destroy this capitalist system that sets us tasks, and steals our sustenance, and sports with our lives. We must mobilize every day for class war, in the same spirit that Morgan mobilizes on September 12 for the cash war.

Join the IWW, and carry the red flag forward!



Sketched in Mass. State Prison
May 1, 1924, by Lydia Gibson.

BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI

For four years now, Bartolomeo Vanzetti, and Nicola Sacco, the man whose name will go through history, inseparably connected with his, have been shut in a Massachusetts prison, with the electric chair staring them in the face. They were convicted of a payroll robbery in which men were shot, and the chief evidence against them was that they were radicals stirring the populace to anger with their story of the murder of another radical, Salsedo, killed by the Department of Justice and pitched out of the upper story of a New York skyscraper.

Both Sacco and Vanzetti are sensitive, poetical men, full of passion, loving life and liberty, and free air and warm, rich sunshine. They are suffering in that prison, waiting for the hot electric current with which capitalists mean to kill them.

THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

Edited by VERN SMITH

Published Monthly by The General Executive Board of The Industrial Workers of the World,
1001 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

Subscription Rates: \$2.00 a year; Canada, \$2.25; other countries, \$2.50.

Bundle Rates: 10 copies for \$1.20; 20 for \$2.40; 100 for \$12.00—non-returnable. 15 cents per copy—returnable. Single copy, 20 cents. Sample copy on request.

It should be understood by members and others who read this magazine, that it is the policy of the IWW to designate as OFFICIAL, any articles or policies which have the regular official sanction. ANYTHING NOT SO DESIGNATED, IS NOT OFFICIAL. All other matter herein contained is the mere personal expression of the individuals or individual, writing or editing the same.

Entered as second-class matter April 23, 1923, at the post office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Vol. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1924

No. 5.

Events and Victims

By BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI

A Story of How New Liberia Turned From the Arts of Peace to Those of War, and How the Workers Fared in the Transition—The Power of Movie and Press; How It Was Exerted to Effect the Great Change.

THE events which I am going to relate to you, my reader, took place in New Liberia, where I wandered for many years, working from time to time, in many different places and under varied circumstances, as dishwasher, pastry cook, porter, storekeeper, gardener, laborer, fisherman; in short, earning my bread by the sweat of my brow wherever and in whatever way I could.

The western coast of that country, according to geologists, is being eaten away by the tides, and the land slowly but inevitably yields to the restless surges which stir it, submerge and cover it. The eastern coast, too, seems subject to the same phenomenon, at least at certain points with which I am very familiar.

Will this engulfment continue, or will it be stopped by one of the many still unexplained conditions which have determined and facilitated the infinite forms of matter and of life? Will they disappear, those shores so vast, so beloved and so desperately disputed; each bush, tree, cliff, rock and hill of which have been so bitterly contested by a handful of men poisoned by greed and folly? What destiny has time in store for that land all-possessed by a foolish and feverish human activity; strewn with shanties, slums and mediocre houses for its industrious working people; with villas and palaces for its idle or ill-occupied rich; with the gigantic creations of human genius and labor interwoven; with the marbles and tombs of its departed

poets, sages, learned and proclaimed heroes? Will the blind seas sacrifice that land to their greedy gorges in order that the fabled Atlantises may raise again their heads, bowed many millenniums but still desirous of the light, to the mighty caresses of the sun? Or will that land be spared to witness the tragi-comic auto-destruction of the race; or to become the last receptacle and final grave of degenerated tyrants, deceivers and ruffians, and, from the last hour of the darkest age, to see the clear dawn of sane and free days arise?

* * *

The good New Liberians, instead of watching with philosophical inertia the invasion of the sea, think only of their sea-walls, and busy themselves with constructing and causing to be constructed great concrete walls along the most dangerously threatened points of the shore.

A gang of workmen—all foreigners, from the engineer to the humblest laborer—had been busy erecting one of these walls since the beginning of the spring. They had toiled so hard through the summer and the fall, that at the beginning of winter the work was almost completed.

"Well, in a few days I will be fired; I must look for another job," I told myself one gloomy afternoon, as I watched the fog slowly stealing from me the sea, the sky and the sun.

That night, instead of lying down to smoke and read, I did what I always do in such emergencies,

I went to the poolroom of my friend Gennarino, a very able, intelligent and enterprising barber. There the working men of the neighborhood spend their winter evenings reading, smoking, playing, disputing about politics and chatting about work. There one may learn news of the labor market in the vicinity.

"I hear they are looking for hands in Greenland"—a friend told me soon after I entered, "but I do not know anything for sure. Johnny who works there can tell you more about it."

I went out and walked towards the theatre, hoping to see Johnny, whom I knew to be passionately fond of moving picture shows. That night they were showing a screen version, a fragment of one of those romances which distort truth and realities; falsify history; provoke, cultivate and embellish all the morbid emotions, confusions, ignorances, prejudices and horrors; and, purposely and skilfully, pervert the hearts and, still more, the minds. The characters of these morbid melodramas are always of two opposite types, one very good, the other very bad. The good ones are the good folks who are always good, always do good, are always right, and in the end always triumph. The others are always bad folk, who are always wrong, always do evil and finally pay the penalty. Just the reverse of life!

Thus meditating, I reached the theatre. Of course it was, as usual, crowded to the doors. The common people, being all heart, with little brain and less knowledge, are passionately interested in such senseless stories, and not a scene escapes them. They develop a wild and unreasoning affection for the unreal characters of the unreal good, whose hatreds and loves, risks and triumphs they share, and,—and fervid hatred for and resentment against the unreal characters of the unreal bad gang. They lose their heads, weep, sigh, laugh, smile, fear, hope and throb, and, forgetting their cross and infamy, leave the theatre more stupid than when they entered it. So it is in New Liberia.

As the first performance of the show was still going on, I stopped in front of the main entrance of the theatre, and stood on the curb of the sidewalk. I felt sure that I would see Johnny come out of the show, or that he would see me; anyway, that we would meet. It was still early in the evening and many women were going back and forth doing their shopping, or taking an evening stroll. Some were alone, some in friendly groups, a mother and her daughters, or sisters together. I silently watched them, exchanging salutations with some,—all so familiar to my eyes, though so strange to me.

Beside me on the sidewalk stood a large group of men of all ages—the regular evening habitués of this particular point on the sidewalk. They looked the passing women up and down. They jokingly commented upon the age, walk, figure, face and family relations of each woman that

passed. Feeling uneasy, I turned toward the street; almost unconsciously, I lifted my head. The fog of the afternoon had disappeared, the air was cold and clear, the sky cloudless. Beyond the foliage and branches of two fine old trees between which I stood, some stars appeared in the vast black concave of the sky. I looked at them thinking, contemplating, sensing my smallness, and, at the same time, the deepness and fullness of life! The small things and noises around my low level had disappeared, faded from my consciousness.

Just then I felt a hand upon my shoulder. I turned, and there was Johnny standing beside me, looking into my face with a smile—a smile that plainly said: "You fool you, to save a few nickels you deprive yourself of such pleasure as I have just enjoyed." We talked for a while and then separated. The next morning I was to start with him for Greenland.

On my way home I was churning in my mind: "What shall I do? The wages are lower than I am getting now, and furthermore, thirty cents train fare and an hour longer to work daily. Damn the government! But the winter is long, and there I shall be able to work every day regardless of snow, rain or wind. I will go."

The next morning I got to the station just in time to get my ticket and board the train. I found a seat beside Johnny, who had arrived in good season. As soon as the train started on its way, my friend began: "You see, Mr. Greenland's two factories were both closed at the beginning of the war; now, he has begun to manufacture cannon shells in one of them."

"Bombs," I interrupted.

"And now," my friend went on, "they are working day and night, and turning out great quantities of them. You can't imagine what terrible work it is—water, humidity, steam, smoke, smells, heat, fire, acids; a veritable hell. The wages are good, but there are certain kinds of work that nobody wants to do."

"I understand," I mumbled.

"The factory we are going to is manufacturing dyes and colors. Before the war these products were brought from Germany. Now they are made here."

Seeing that I was silent, he added: "Anyhow, the poor fellows are earning a living."

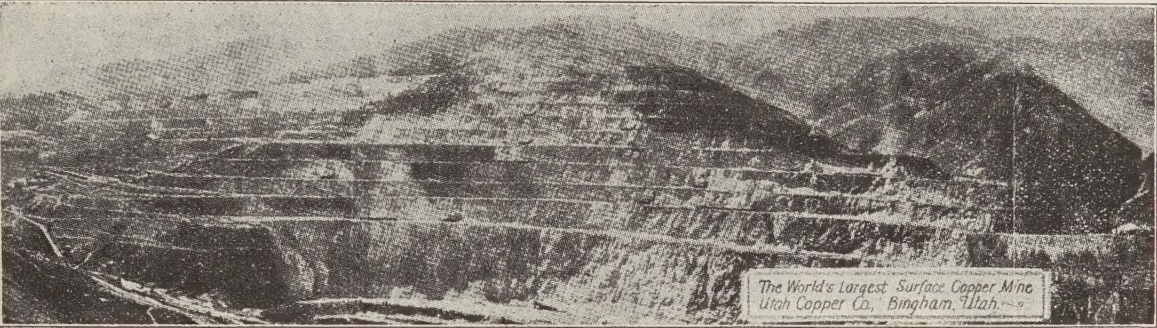
"Yes," said I.

I was not in a talkative mood because I felt the keen need of mental concentration. I was thinking.

There on the other side of the pond the war rages, destroying the flower of European manhood, covering those regions once beautiful by nature, and made more beautiful and wondrous by the hands and intelligence of all the bygone generations, with bloody and desolate ruins.

Here the human beings who have migrated from

(Continued on page 39.)



Moving Mountains for Molehill Wages

By THE WORKERS OF BINGHAM

AN ARMY of some 50,000 men," says an advertisement, poetically, "are blasting their way to the heart of the Pacific Northwest's mountain ranges:
"Battering in perpetual night at the treasure vaults of the centuries—
"And bringing up to the sunlight a million dollars of precious earth each day."
This it calls "a mighty episode in the epic of 'The Second Winning of the West.'"

But what about the men—the miners—who, "battering in perpetual night," bring to the light of day minerals approximating an annual value of \$300,000,000?

How do they fare in this "mighty episode"? What is their share of this \$300,000,000? They surely must be rolling in prosperity, and steeped in riches such as would delight a Croesus or a Midas!

Unfortunately, one may read the advertisement in vain, but not a word will he find regarding wages, hours, or conditions of employment for labor. On this point, the advertisement is as still as a cemetery on an exceptionally quiet night.

The inference is, of course, that mine labor is well paid; and that to it goes most of this vast an-

nual wealth production.

Nothing could be farther from the truth! The inference is not borne out by the facts, collected from a wide field of mining activity.

Throughout the Pacific Northwest,—in Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Washington and Oregon,—as well as California and Utah, the metal miners are paid low wages and work amid hard and dangerous conditions to make the dividends of the mining corporations higher every year.

Very truthfully, accordingly, can the Salt Lake City Chamber of Commerce, say, for instance, in the booklet, "Utah's Importance as a Mineral State":
"Dividends show large increase. The published divi-
(Continued on page 37)



THE GUNMEN OF BINGHAM CANYON
A Private Army At Public Expense—Strictly Anti-Union

Machine Revolutionizes Mining

By BOB HORSELY

Not a Static Industry, But One Undergoing Great Changes — Physical Labor Now Giving Way to Power Machinery—The Individual Miner to the Gang System—Miners' Unions, Guided by Wrong Economics, Politics and Competitive District Organization Unable to Meet Crisis of Unemployment that Has Developed—Working Class Principles and Industrial Unionism the Way Out.

MINING coal appears to be a static industry. It seems to continue without change. But such is not the case. In the bowels of the earth, a change of methods is slowly taking place. This is revolutionizing the industry.

Each industry has a history of its own, from a primary commencement to a technical ending. Coal mining has its history also. But only a miner of long experience, who has seen its growth and advancement, can understand its phenomena.

I started mining at an early age. The mine where I worked had not introduced mining machinery, such as we see today. Modern methods were not known; and mining was done by physical labor applied to the pick, hand drill and shovel. It was a hard task to wrest the coal from where it was placed by Nature.

This mine was in England and conditions of labor in those days were very different from what exist today.

Coal mining, in any period, is a dangerous occupation. A man entering a mine is confronted with some kind of danger from gas, foul air, bad roof, wet work, or explosions. He must understand these things so that his fellow men will not be in danger from his ignorance.

The hours of labor for boys during my days in England were 10 hours a day. They used to go to work at 6:30 and return at 4:30. In winter, we saw sunshine one day a week and we used to thank the Lord on that day for allowing us to live for further exploitation.

Diggers worked 8 hours at the face, working on the two-shift system.

Many of the mines were wet. This had a bad effect on the health of the miners; and caused many premature deaths by its effects. It made the miners susceptible to many of the diseases rampant, such as miners' asthma, flu, etc.

The mines were worked on the block system. They did not have crosscuts, but had to convey the air to the face, by the use of canvas. Bad circulation of air was the result. The miners used open lights in some mines that were free from gas; but safety lamps where there was danger from gas. These lights were very bad for the eyes, causing a continual strain upon them.

The miners had to mine the coal and shear the left side before they were allowed to blast with powder. Drilling was done by the hand-drill. Foul air and wet work caused much dissatisfaction.

In the assignment of places, the companies had a system of "cavels" just the same as a lottery. This occurred every three months. There was a district to be occupied and the miners worked in gangs of 4, and when their names were drawn out they went to that district. By this method, the companies hoped to even up the good and bad places among the

miners and keep them satisfied. If the place was bad there was no chance of a change.

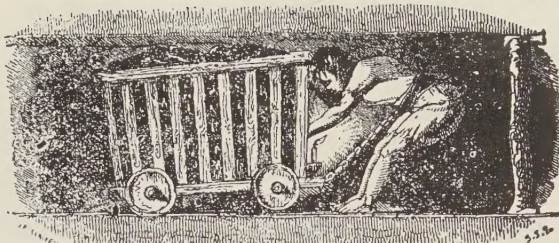
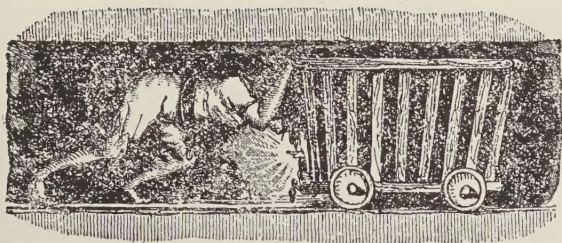
The houses were made of brick and were owned by the company. If a miner quit on account of conditions of labor, it meant evacuating the dwelling place also. There were no sanitary accommodations; open toilets, water faucets were on the street; and there were many other inconveniences. The companies just considered the miner a dumb beast of burden; and, judging by the parasites who lived from his labor, it would be wrong if we said he was anything else.

The companies charged the miners nominal rent, which was kept off the payroll. Only miners with large families occupied the large houses. This was done to make a man think of his family before he quit his job. It was a millstone around the neck of the slave, to keep him fastened to the mining industry.

Organization Into Unions

Under such conditions, the miners organized into unions. The latter were so constructed that the economic weapon of the strike was rarely used. The miners' unions were political in their character and action. This has been mostly responsible for the rise of the English Labor Party. Because of the betterment of conditions by so-called laws in favor of Labor, the unions' methods of redress were influenced in favor of politics.

The unions ultimately found by experience that laws were always made in favor of the ruling class, irrespective of their alluring character.



Women's Work In Early Mining Industry—

For example: there was a protectionist policy passed recently which was to safeguard the interests of the mining industry. It was to work for the mutual benefit of both sides. After it became effective, 300,000 miners were paid £15,000,000 at a time when £6,000,000 was paid in royalties to a handful of parasites who owned the land by hereditary titles, acquired by fraud and stealing in the early years. In addition, profits were £11,000,000, which made a total of £17,000,000 of surplus value, derived from the socially necessary labor power of the coal miners.

Faced finally with conditions of starvation, the miners used the weapon of the strike, but, with the forces of the state arrayed against them, they returned to their miserable conditions.

The English miners' unions were not organized on the basis of the class-struggle. They were only a form of organization intended to extract from the owners a few mercenary rights surrounding the sections in which they were organized.

Political Slogans

The use of slogans commenced with the formation of the English Labor Party. Recently, they have been "Capital Levy," "Abolishment of Militarism," "Nationalization of Mines," "Old Age Pensions".

After years of struggle, the English Labor Party politicians are now in power. But having long visions and short memories they have forgotten their slogans. Instead, they build battleships, organize emergency measures to defeat strikes, etc.

They used to wear short pants when they went to work. Now everything is "Democratic." Ramsay McDonald wears short pants to go with the King to church and hear the choir render that revolutionary hymn, "Fear Not O Land."

(No red flag there; it is out of place in a church as much as church should be out of place for a red.)

The English workers now begin to realize that the politicians were floating at anchor. Instead of following slogans blindly, they should have understood what they meant and organized as a unit to abolish the wage system and wrest the means of production out of the hands of the exploiter. Not nationalization, but confiscation, should have been their motto. The English unions must be organized into one organization to liberate the workers from the throes of reactionary despotism.

Mining Advancement

In later years, English mining methods have improved. They now use the drilling machine, new methods of hauling and hoisting. With the quickening of production, the English miners are producing more coal. Although making more money in wages their style of living remains practically the same. Everything they buy has increased in price so that their wages have less purchasing power when they trade at the store. Real wages is therefore the actual value the worker receives in relation to the value he has produced. It always will remain so that the slave will be on a sliding scale of poverty as long as this form of exchange exists.



—Makes the Present Mining Employer Look Like This

The advancement in English mining methods displaced labor power, because machinery began to do the work formerly done by the miner and, consequently, he was discharged to join the unemployed. With no other work in sight, emigration was the only thing left for him and he was forced to seek a new country to follow his trade.

Mining In the United States

Many English miners, arriving in the United States, soon found they had to learn anew. Other methods were in operation. There were different surroundings in their home life. The unions outside of mining were craft unions. The coal miners were organized in an industrial union; but this operated on a sectional or district basis. Contracts were signed separately and East was pitted against West during the negotiations to effect an agreement. The miners' demands were "decent conditions," "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work," etc. These measures were only palliatives, a further step to more slavery.

Production of coal here was more intensified by the method of shooting off the solid. The miners in the old country did not mine under the coal but used black powder to blast it out. They could load more coal by this method. They worked entries and rooms.

Hauling was done by mules to the parting and by electric motor to the shaft. Before the union compelled them to shoot after the regular working hours, miners used to work amid that blinding smoke and there was always danger of an explosion.

Mine Explosions

There is nothing more terrible than an explosion. It creates havoc and death wherever it strikes. Explosions are caused by varying conditions. Some by ignorance, such as lack of knowledge of the proper use of safety lamps. Some by accident and some by negligence on the part of the mining company. The last factor is seldom given as a cause.

All haulage ways should be kept in a damp condition. This keeps the air from affecting and stirring up the dust. This dust is a mixture and, when dry, contains the potential force for ignition. This dust will ignite and explode under pressure of warm air stampeded by the concussion from the effects of the shooting of coal. When these shots are fired, the concussion stirs up the air elements in passage ways. Friction ensues and, given the conditions necessary, an explosion will be the result.

Gas ignited sometimes will be local or pocket gas. But where gas is general, there are always some widows and orphans left. There have been a few explosions recently that tell their tale of suffering. The workers are always the recipients of these "benefits".

If one of the aristocrats of labor happens to be there, it is safe to assume that the incident will receive the attention of the press, more than the suffering of the victims who are left without the breadwinner to face this world in poverty and rags. I have seen the effects of a few and it is always the same.

Conditions of Non-Union Miners

There is a competition continually manifested in the mining industry due to union and non-union production. The East and South are the sections in which most of these conflicts have taken place. Some of the items causing these conflicts may be of interest:

(1) In the non-union mines there is no check on the company and the miners are given a false weight on the coal loaded, sometimes getting 2 tons for a car containing 4 to 5 tons.

(2) The miners are not allowed to see the scales on which their coal is weighed.

(3) Company stores are maintained in defiance of the law against them and against forcing employees to trade in them under threat of dismissal.

(4) Miners are charged 20 to 100 per cent more than the normal selling price of goods and are virtually kept in the status of a feudal serf.

(5) The miners are paid in scrip only redeemable at these stores. They never see real currency and under this method are always in debt to the company.

(6) The companies control the ballot box; presenting the miners with marked ballots and threatening them with dismissal, unless they vote as ordered.

(7) Miners work in powder smoke and there is no inspection of the mines. They shoot when ready to do so. Explosions are always the sweetheart of this system of mining.

Many other items of intolerance could be stated but these few will suffice to show what the open shop means to the industrial worker in the mines.

Fighting for Rights

A fierce fight took place to organize the non-union field; and many lives were sacrificed trying to better the miners' conditions therein. The miners succeeded on a small scale but not enough to be a power. The reactionary leaders, as usual, miles away from the struggle, gave their moral support.

In the strike ensuing, the atavistic culture of the 100 per cent mine-owners is manifested. Miners are evicted from the company houses. They have their furniture thrown into the street. Hundreds of miners are exposed to cold and hunger in tents, hen-houses, and cow-sheds. Under conditions such as these, they live on coffee and beans. Children are born into the world in unbelievable circumstances. They are targets for the amusement of the guards, and these buzzards of the master class feast on the misery of the miners in their ghoulish glee. Many miners are clubbed into insensibility because they defend their wives and children.

Appeal for Aid

The appeal for aid is sent out; but the appeal for a general strike is not on the calendar. The mine-owners in other states, reason the union sages, are not responsible for the crimes committed elsewhere.

Union miners still keep the market filled with coal, earning a respite at the expense of the members of their own class who are fighting their battles.

(Continued on page 30)



Ontario Miners Live in These Boxes

Nothing Whatever In Common

By
D. A. McKENZIE

I WISH to begin this brief statement of conditions of metal mining in Northern Ontario by drawing attention to the first paragraph of the I. W. W. Preamble:

"The working class and the employing class have nothing in common." There is no place on the North American continent where the words are proved more certainly true than in the metal mining district of Ontario. Here we find the married workers who produce millions of profit every month living in little, box-like, insanitary hovels. Those of them that are not so lucky as to own a few pieces of furniture and a wife (who is a slave to a slave) live in vermin and disease infested boarding houses into which no profit-loving farmer would allow his stock for fear that they would contract disease and die off. In the mad rush for gold in these camps the young men of the working class of the world are being murdered, some of them slowly; others more quickly as when tons of rock crush the life out of their bodies. When such an accident happens a mock inquiry is held with the mine managers, captains and shift bosses present to intimidate any witnesses who might accidentally tell the truth and put the blame for these murders where it belongs: "On the profit system."

A short time ago the writer attended one of these farce inquests. When a witness would take the stand there were the managers, captains, shift bosses and other prostitutes of the corporation affected. They sat, piercing the witness with their eyes. An observer could see the witness reach out for the truth, then falter when those serpent-like eyes would cut into his thoughts; and with the threat of starvation staring at him there he, the witness, would wiggle through with the concocted evidence, give a kind of half-choking, half-terrified sound, and with the hunted look of an animal step down off that stand where men are supposed to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. Then sit scowling.

Let us examine the dividend statements of some of these robber corporations. Looking up reports we find the Hollinger Gold Mines at Timmins, Ontario, with a production of over six-millions of dollars for the first six months of 1924. We see dividends being paid every few weeks. To quote from authority, from the 26th of June to the 14th of July

this mine paid a dividend of \$246,000.

We find the Dome Mines close by producing \$2,121,980 for the first six months of 1924, and paying \$2 per share on one million shares. In this instance the workers receive \$121,980, that is, counting all materials, machinery, etc., and the parasite receives \$2,000,000. This is the history of practically all the mines in this district. For the first three months of 1924, there was produced in the mines of Ontario, \$811,545,151. The workers received back in wages during that period \$1,159,160. This was divided among all the workers who contribute their labor power either mining the ore or manufacturing the machinery for mining and milling the ore, producing timbers and all basic material required.

The workers of Ontario are producing 133 millions of dollars in gold and other metals per year, and receiving only \$4,636,640. The miners of Ontario are each year handing over \$129,863,160 worth of minerals to the parasite who never works. Here we must ask the question: Is there any other animal as docile as the miner of Ontario? I do not believe any other animal works like hell and hands over to another lazy animal practically all that he produces.

You say: What can we do to change this terrible state of affairs?

How To Get It

Here the four-cycle internal combustion engine gives us an example of what to do. On the first stroke it organizes or draws in the combustible materials (Organization); on the second stroke it compresses them into a useful or properly assembled effective mass (Education); on the third or power stroke it takes up that energy which has been assembled in the previous strokes and **Bang!** that power is immediately transferred into useful energy (Emancipation); the fourth, or scavenger stroke, purges all exploded or useless gases, or that material that is of no further use (Abolition of Capitalism).

We therefore see a remedy for all these existing evils in the mining and all other industries, which is namely, to organize along scientific lines and educate the workers to the control of all industries. Then only can we expel capitalism and poverty from this earth as does the piston of the engine expel all useless gases from its cylinder.

The Copper Situation

By LEE TULIN

FROM the viewpoint of capitalist economists, the present outlook for the copper mining industry in the United States is not encouraging. Prior to a few years ago, a small group of American capitalists virtually controlled the world's copper industry, as 65 per cent of all copper production came from mines here. Most of the remainder came from small, scattered mines that had a high cost of production, and many of these were also owned or controlled by American capital. But in the past few years' great deposits of copper bearing ore have been discovered in South America and the Belgian Congo. No mines in the U. S. can compare with these in either richness of ore or in size of ore bodies, which means that the American stranglehold on the copper industry is about to be broken. This accounts for the pessimism and the comparatively low market price for refined copper.

Nearly all of the copper mines in the United States have reached and passed the peak of their production, and are now on the down grade on the road to depletion of their ore deposits; or have reached a stage where profit—the incentive of all capitalistic enterprise—is nearly impossible. In this respect, copper mines differ from most gold, silver, and other mines. Copper mines are not worked out suddenly. They drift to a stage where great depth, low grade ore, heat or water and increasing cost of development make dividends impossible under normal conditions of the market.

Copper God Is Jealous

With the American mines on the down grade, and the cost of production mounting every year, it means that the near future will see other than American financiers dominating the copper industry, unless they can get control of the South American and African properties. It is quite evident that this is the objective now, as a few months ago the Anaconda Copper Mining Co. purchased the entire holdings of the Chile Copper Co. Further concentration will undoubtedly follow.

Visit Famine Upon Us

The Chile Copper Co. is at present producing 200,000,000 pounds of copper per year, and has enough ore in sight to last one hundred years at this rate of exploitation. The present production of the property can easily be more than doubled, which will undoubtedly be done; as consideration for the future generations is an unheard of quality with those who dominate the copper industry, and all other industries. In fact, instead of endeavoring to conserve Nature's lavish bounty, the object and hope of the profit hungry vultures of the Copper Trust seems to be to reduce resources as soon as possible so as to enable them to secure famine prices for what they have left; and to make it profitable for them to send men down into the dark, hot depths of their old, no longer profitable and abandoned mines to bring out what little can be salvaged of the large deposits of low grade ore that heretofore have been passed by in their mad rush for profits.

From a lecture given June 26th by Ira B. Jorelemon, before the Commonwealth Club of California, we glean the following:

"... In the developed ore reserves and the ore which may reasonably be expected from known dis-

tricts, there is copper enough to last forty years at the present rate of production. New districts may add ten years more. So the copper shortage is probably far in the future. Even if consumption increases at the rate of ten per cent a year, which has been the rate of increase for the past twenty years, the shortage will not come for ten years or more. Unless the consumption increases much more rapidly than before, the copper industry must find some better solution to the problem than the HOPE of famine prices." ... "In the United States, the yearly consumption of copper per capita was, in 1923, 13.6 pounds. This is approached only by Belgium with 13.1 pounds. The average for countries of Western Europe was only 4.9 pounds. While in the Orient and in Russia less than half a pound was used for each person. If only the civilized countries of Western Europe used as much copper in proportion to the population as we do, the increased consumption would amount to 1,674,000,000 pounds per year. This possibility brings the HOPED FOR COPPER SHORTAGE MUCH NEARER."

"Hope of famine prices." "Hoped for copper shortage." Hoping for the time when nature's resources of copper ore will have reached their dotage, knowing that they cannot be replenished! Longing for the time when all the world's copper mines cannot produce copper enough to fill the needs of Humanity! Here we have a typical example of the psychology of our profit-mad rulers of industry. Never a thought nor a care for what the world will do when the great deposits of copper, the metal that to a great extent made our present industrial development possible, are gone. "We should worry" is still their slogan, despite the warnings of engineers and the statements of technicians that copper is indispensable and that there is no satisfactory substitute for it in electric power plants and transmission lines.

The trouble with those who hold title to the deposits of copper ore is that, after the war had ended, in their excessive zeal to bring the country back to "normalcy"—more work at less pay—they overlooked the economic fact that under normal conditions, where there is competition, commodities sell or exchange at their value. During the war, under abnormal conditions, copper rose to over 30c a pound. Consequently, with the memory of this "blood money" still fresh in their minds it is hard for

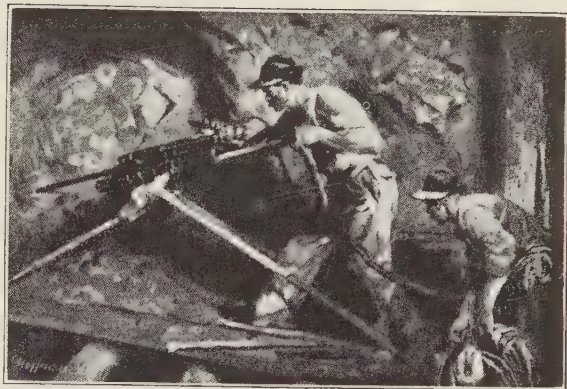
them to now receive but twelve or thirteen cents.

Before the war, the world's copper production was approximately 2,000,000,000 pounds yearly. During the war, the production jumped to over 3,000,000,000 pounds per year, and this production was continued for nearly two years after the war had ended. Prior to the war, production and consumption of copper were practically evenly balanced. As fast as new methods of production were introduced, as fast as new mines were opened up, new uses and needs for the metal were developed. The copper producers had no difficulty in selling at a good price all the copper they could produce. During the war, their problem was production, as production could not keep pace with the demand. But now, due mainly to the extensive surface steam shovel operations and the man killing speed-up system that has been introduced and submitted to underground, the problem has changed from one of production to that of finding markets. The problem is the same in all industries. Because workers are so numerous and so extremely productive that periodically millions of them are unable to find work, a worker, one who merely produces commodities, receives very little consideration under capitalism. But, a salesman, a good salesman, one who can go out and sell people things that they do not want or need is considered invaluable. Thus we now have a "Copper Research Association," sponsored by the leading copper companies to find new uses for copper, and to induce manufacturers to use copper where they have formerly used some other material. We also have an army of salesmen to try and convince the people, that, instead of buying things made of wood, iron, nickel or some other metal or material, they should buy what is made of copper.

Hail! The Gang's All Here!

The Anaconda, Phelps-Dodge, Calumet, Guggenheimer, Utah and Clark interests control the copper industry of the U. S. Of these, the Anaconda, of Standard Oil affiliations, is the largest. Besides having title to approximately 90 per cent of the ore in Butte's famous "Richest Hill in the World," which in itself is a larger holding than that of any other company, they own or control extensive holdings in Arizona, California, Mexico and South America. Their latest acquisition in Arizona is the New Cornelia properties at Ajo. This mine will soon be producing 100,000,000 pounds of copper per year.

While these great companies have been organizing, concentrating, expanding and forcing smaller producers to the wall, what have the men who have sweated and toiled to mine the copper, and those who mill and smelt it been doing? Have they followed the example of the owners and organized themselves into a powerful economic organization that represents their interest? It is regrettable that the answer is, "No," for the industry as a whole. Although the nucleus of a powerful



Machine Miners Get Copper Out Fast

organization has been built among the miners, there is yet no semblance of such an organization among the mill and smeltermen.

The smelters are the key positions of the industry. The smeltermen hold the most strategic position, due to the fact that a sudden strike in a smelter would mean the immediate loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars to the owners. This is a fact that the boss realizes full well. And understanding the menace to his profits by the presence of a militant labor organization, to check this, he has encouraged the reactionary Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers' International Union of the AFL and in many places the check-off is in effect.

"There's Power in the Union"

The great stack of the East Denver smelter, which still stands, is a monument to the economic power of smeltermen. No smoke has soiled the heavens from this stack—once the highest west of the Mississippi—since July 5th, 1903, when a strike was called and all the metals in the furnaces were "froze," never again to pour their stream of profits into the owners' greedy clutches.

The process of taking ore from a mine and converting it into refined copper requires three months' time. The present supply of refined copper in the U. S. is but slightly over 200,000,000 pounds. This is only enough for one month's consumption. It is doubtful if the surplus of refined copper will ever appreciably rise above this figure, as the copper companies do not care to tie up money in surplus stock. This means that a thirty day strike in the copper industry would wipe out every pound of surplus, bring about copper famine; and assure victory.

This is but the beginning of the age of electricity. The great power plants cannot live without copper. The copper miner's day is nigh if he will but organize in his Industrial Union of the I. W. W.—the METAL MINE WORKERS' INDUSTRIAL UNION NO. 210.



The Labor Press; Past and Present

IN a lamentation against the "proverbial ingratitude of democracies," The Nation, as quoted in the article on Terence V. Powderly, to be found elsewhere in this issue, declares:

"Labor does not honor its past; labor papers are born and die whose editors never suspect that Boston had a labor daily in the sixties."

The latter charge cannot be truthfully alleged against the editor of the Industrial Pioneer. He has in his possession a little leaflet issued by the American Bureau of Industrial Research conducted by the University of Wisconsin. It is entitled, "Report of Work, 1904-1906."

Therein we learn of the discovery of files of 9 labor papers published in this country between 1827 and 1837. One of them is, "THE MAN, of New York, a penny daily published from 1834 to 1835, and said by James Gordon Bennett to have been the first penny paper in this country." From which it is easy to see that that Boston labor daily of 60 years was not the first nor the most remarkable of its kind. There were others, that surpassed it in many ways, even before its advent.

There have also been other labor dailies since that Boston one. There is the New Yorker Volkszeitung, now 50 years of age and the oldest labor paper extant. In 1886, it made possible the launching of The Leader, a daily organ of the Henry George Mayoralty campaign of that year. Then came The Daily People, Socialist party organ, launched about 1900. Later came the Socialist party's New York "Call" and still later the Leader. All are now defunct. So is the Minnesota Star. The Milwaukee Leader and the Seattle Union Record are still with us. So are the Jewish Forward, Daily Worker, and Il Lavoratore, lately arrived in Chicago.

Industrialisti, begun in 1914, at Duluth, Minn., is the only daily I. W. W. paper in existence. It is printed in Finnish. There has been some talk of making The Industrial Worker, twice-a-week I. W. W. organ, a daily, too. But nothing actual has transpired yet.

We like to talk about the labor press, without realizing how really insignificant it is compared with either labor's importance, or the capitalist press, whose poisonous propaganda it is created to combat. As shown above there are just a half-dozen dailies devoted to as many labor elements. They are scattered all over the country. While this is a big improvement over previous conditions and therefore worthy of encouragement, it still leaves much to be desired.

Compare these six dailies with the daily press of New York City for instance. Says a recent survey:

"New York City now has seventy-seven daily newspapers, printed in fifteen languages. These seventy-seven papers circulate daily in practically every corner of the city. There are thirty-two foreign language papers, enjoying a circulation of over

one million. Seven papers are devoted to the interests of the boroughs of the greater city. Of the seven financial papers, three dominate the field with 90 per cent of the circulation. Class papers add twelve to the list. Finally two small papers are issued by colleges in the city. The total circulation of these papers is far over 5,000,000. Over \$100,000 a day is spent by citizens of New York for their newspapers. There are 15,000 people employed by the newspapers of New York. If those indirectly employed by the papers were counted in, the figure would be much higher."

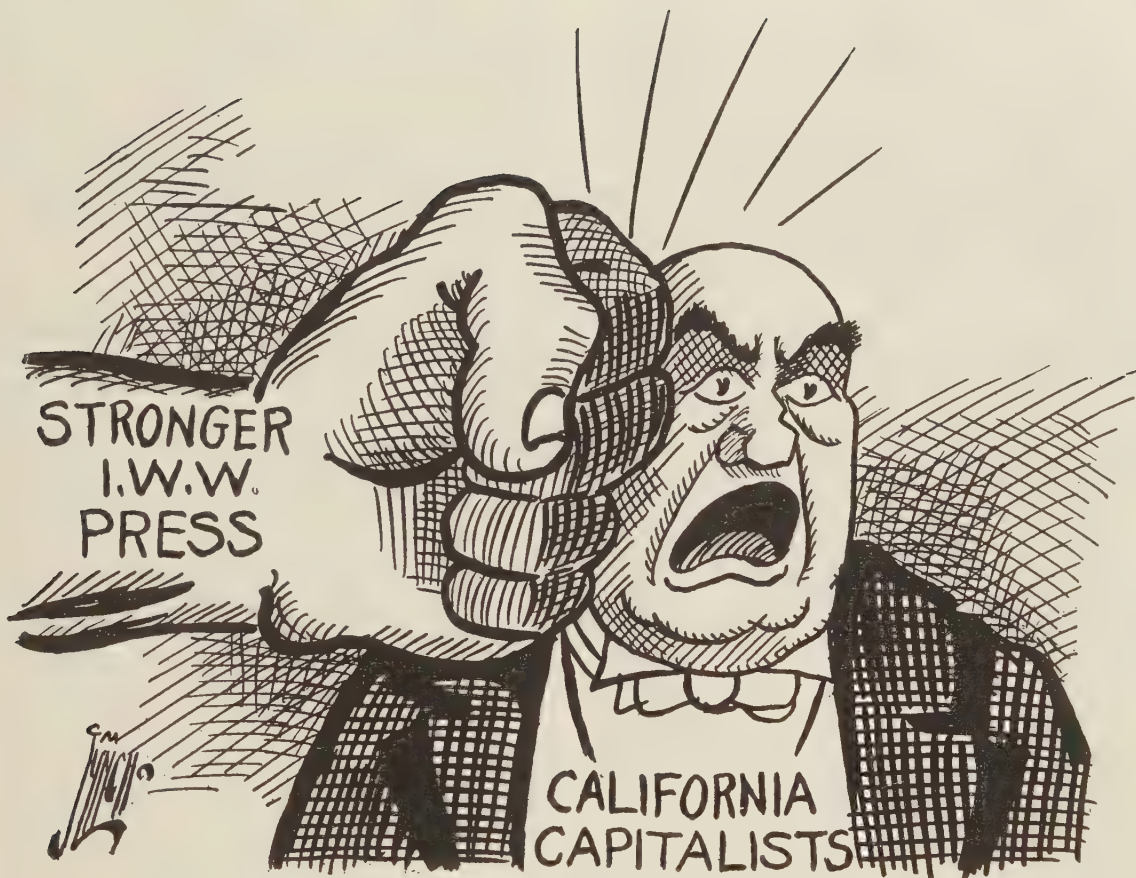
Consider what this flood of 5,000,000 daily circulation means to the labor press! Why, the latter is simply overwhelmed, drowned out in this overwhelming deluge of words, words and words. Under the circumstances, the labor press certainly needs development; it needs increase in numbers and efficiency. In The Federated Press, there is a good beginning towards this end. This is a new departure in labor publications. Its membership is approximately 200 labor and liberal papers. While this does not bulk very large, as compared with the Associated, United and Universal, Press, with their thousands of member papers and ramifications all over the world, it is an encouraging showing in the right direction.

Another thing that will help to build the labor press is a better working class understanding of its problems and difficulties. The workers generally expect the labor press to duplicate the capitalist press in every way; if not surpass it. They fail to realize that the capitalist press is an evolution, in which big capital and trained ability of the highest order play the most important parts. The workers on the contrary, expect the labor press to subsist and thrive on poverty and with the most undeveloped staff and environment possible.

The workers should realize that getting out newspapers is a giant job, requiring lots of capital and ability; and they should hasten to secure both for the labor press by giving their pennies to the support of its various publications, instead of the capitalist press, which is engaged in stifling labor's aspirations in every direction.

INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY Got to Keep It Going Good

This is the official organ of the IWW. If you are not a member, at least you want to know the viewpoint of the organization on important labor questions. The IWW has made history, and will make history. The Industrial Solidarity is its mouthpiece. Let's have a subscription. Address, 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription Price, \$2 per year.



Let's Strike Back

IT isn't necessary to tell again the story of California. It isn't necessary to remind the workers who read this magazine that the capitalist's gunmen, the bloody mob of Ku Klux Klansmen who raided the IWW hall in San Pedro on June 14 have got their victim, at last. The IWW weekly and semi-weekly papers have told the details of the death of Mrs. Lizzie Sunstedt, our fellow worker, brought to the grave by injuries sustained during the raid, complicated by the worries and difficulties into which she was thrown through having to care for her little daughter May, who was scalded so badly by the same mob.

No, we think all who read the IWW papers know these things. We think they know enough about the horrors of San Quentin's jute mill where union men are confined until their lungs give way from the dust, just because they will not promise to surrender their cards in the Industrial Workers of the World, the only union of the migratory worker, and the hope of Labor everywhere.

We think they know of the thousand and

one other infamies: the perjuries, the frame-up, the police consenting to gunmen's violence against the IWW, the fate of Mooney and Billings, still languishing in prison, and of the Wheatland hop-field pickers, still suffering through their terms of life imprisonment.

What, indeed, is the use of telling you all these things again?

Let us remedy this situation at once. Let us tighten up the lines, grit our teeth, and hit the enemy and hit him hard.

We must be more aggressive. We must fling ourselves into the business of educating and organizing with greater zeal. We must carry the battle into the enemy's territory. Our answer to the California outrages must be greater resistance when raided, and ceaseless, day and night effort to build up an organization that can meet the raiders half way and take them by the throat.

NO MORE NON-RESISTANCE. There's nothing in this bunk about turning the other cheek! If you do it in California, they pour boiling oil on it!

Does Labor Prevent Thought?

By JANE STREET

One of the Big Questions in the Minds of Thinking Revolutionists Is One Dealing With How the Workers Will Ever Be Able to Voluntarily Submit to the Monotony of Machine Production.—The Article Following Hints Indirectly at a Solution of this Problem.

IT is commonly admitted, though without statistical proof, that the skilled worker is less revolutionary than the unskilled; the reason usually assigned therefor being that the mind of the skilled worker is so engaged with his work that he has no time to think of revolutionary matters.

In line with this argument is the preconception that the unskilled workers so greatly outnumber the skilled that taken en masse their potential power renders the revolutionizing of the skilled workers of minor importance, until, as one writer expressed it, "cataclysmic changes jar them into functioning."

This latter statement involves a rather befogged outline as to just what the revolution is, as contrasted with the clearly-painted and well-defined scheme of organizing the workers industrially as an imperative revolutionary prerequisite, as conceived by the IWW.

IWW Not an Organization of Unskilled Workers

It is not true that the IWW is an organization composed mainly of unskilled workers. The agricultural worker, irrespective of what he knows about the seeds, soil, the growth and fecundity of plant life, furnishes the technological skill and knowledge necessary in manipulating the machinery of agriculture. Nor is it merely the unskilled workers engaged in machine production who have gravitated toward revolutionary organization. The handicraftsman is not unrepresented: The woodsman wields his axe, a hand tool, with the most marvelous dexterity. The seaman performs most unusual feats of skill with his rope, to say nothing of the self-discipline evinced by scaling the dizzy heights to which in his work he must become accustomed; besides which is his maritime knowledge and skill in handling the big machines of transportation which plow the ocean from continent to continent. Nor must we leave out of consideration the miners,—for instance, the tunnel workers, those magnificent fighters on the Hetch Hetchy project toward whom the heart of the "revolutionary-minded" is still beating its silent applause. The IWW embraces all these skilled workers.

Classification Into "Skilled and Unskilled" Out of Date

But the classification of the working class into "skilled" and "unskilled" is peculiarly out of date. The distinction is hardly noticeable in the machine age; the differentiation is of no consequence to the proletariat; and the bourgeois statistician fails to compile any figures in regard thereto. It belongs primarily to the ideology of the AFL craftsman, placed there in the very early days of craft unionism, when he depended on winning his strike

on the fact that his work could not be performed by the uninitiated or unskilled. For reasons of expediency, he continued to regard himself as "skilled" long after the machine process and the specialization of labor rendered his trade, so far as manual operation and previous preparation were concerned, oftentimes on a level with the unskilled.

The preparing of the suds of dishwater so that grease will not adhere to the cooking or eating utensils and to the receptacle in which they are washed (which ought to be regarded as an important act of social service!) requires as much skill and technological knowledge as the mixing of mortar in building a house, and more mental and manual finesse is required in the handling of the dishes than in the carrying of the hod. But the job of dishwasher, unlike that of the hod-carrier, has never been dignified by being described as "skilled labor." The self-complacency of the craftsman is not due to his "superior knowledge" but to his higher wages; not to his creative interest but to his greater sense of economic security.

Skill Does Not Require Mental Application

So also the contention that the skilled worker is obliged to think about his work (and hence pres-



A Wobbly Trying to Make 'Em Think

ent an argument for increased wages for his particular craft!) is a curious bit of old-time craft unionism propaganda. The very meaning of the word "skill" precludes the idea of the necessity of conscious mental effort. It presupposes a task which repetition has rendered automatic. Work which requires conscious thought cannot properly be described as "skilled."

All labor requires thought. "Unskilled" labor is merely labor which the generality of human beings have acquired the skill to perform, such as sweeping, tamping, shoveling, etc. The mental application necessary in learning these movements it is impossible to estimate. They involve the tedious efforts of infancy in learning the co-ordination of muscles, ability to judge distances, etc. Man has a curious little habit of making his hands think for him. This leaves his brain free for further exploits.

The amount of thought required, or the amount of time the thought process requires (the time element being immeasurably short!) of a porter sweeping a doorway and that of an electrician in placing a wire through a hole in a wall is about the same. The porter must know where the dirt is and the electrician must know where the hole is.

Workers' Brains Not Single-Track Affairs

An electrician can install the most delicate electrical apparatus, say in a modern office building—can pick out his tools without error, fasten the parts of the equipment together without hesitation, test the finished job to his entire satisfaction, while all the while he can be talking to the office stenographer about some American Legion dance; and in the meanwhile she has transcribed her shorthand notes and typed a business letter that is a perfect masterpiece of "brain work." Yes, just as well as a bell-hop can carry a grip, a pitcher of water and a parcel to three different room numbers without a mistake, all the while sizing up some new guest for tips, figuring out with more or less accuracy, his business, disposition, family affairs, destination and the probable size of his pocketbook, and cursing him inwardly (the only part of the whole mental process, perhaps, which takes on the form of words!) for his class-conscious arrogance. And the dentist in performing his dignified scavenger work does not have to review all that he has learned in college about the composition and decomposition, formation and growth of teeth when he looks in your mouth, but after the momentary mental effort required to size up the case, he proceeds to apply his skill—provided, of course, that he has had experience enough to become skillful—with his mind possibly as free to roam as that of a "gandy-dancer." And if a carpenter can't drive a nail and not think about it, he isn't a carpenter; if he can't put in a window and ruminate on the chances for industrial freedom if he wants to, he is not used to putting in windows—he is not a skilled worker at all.

Ways In which the Worker's Mind Is Tied To His Job

It is granted, of course, that mental application is exacted in many occupations in connection with both skilled and unskilled labor. The chiropractor, who is properly speaking a mechanic, must weigh carefully certain considerations before applying his mechanistic knowledge of the human spine to the requirements of the patient before him. Were the machinery of the human body less complicated, the weighing process would resolve itself down to that of a stationary engineer in looking after the needs of his particular pattern of engine.

In the running of a streetcar, a locomotive engine, an elevator, an automobile or tractor, the sewing machines in garment factories or the looms in the textile plants, however automatic the workers' operation of the machines themselves may become there must always be in the background of the mind of the operator, an alertness, a keen judgment for details, a sense of responsibility which preclude the possibility of anything like a restful attitude of mind. This is characteristic of the machine age. The average worker nowadays performs in a matter of fact way, work, commonplace jobs, which considering the points of speed, responsibility and regularity, would have driven our ancestors to immediate nervous prostration.

In the pecuniary management of industry there are great armies of "mental" workers. These are machine operators. They operate the telephone, the typewriter, the adding machine, the dictaphone, the multigraph and mimeograph machines, etc. Although their clothes and hands are unsoiled, these workers bear all the earmarks of the machine process. The great god Machine breathes into them its breath of life—speed, responsibility, regularity. They are all keyed up to an approved American standard. In practically all large telephone exchanges in this country are hospital rooms, where operators who have fainted or become hysterical or who have become otherwise temporarily incapacitated, are given medical assistance gratuitously by the telephone companies. The large percentage of cases of nervous prostration among stenographers is a matter of common knowledge. They are all highly skilled workers. Their efficiency is gauged, not by the degree of concentration they are able to bestow on the operation of their various machines, but upon the extent to which their minds are free for other minor important details, the operation of the machine having become automatic.

A telephone girl, after months and months of careful training must be able to break in on the line of the "B" operator, busy with an incessant string of numbers, and, finding a pause of a few seconds, pass her call and get her trunk line. She must be able to pull down her cords and put in her plugs automatically, her mind must be free from the bewilderment of the unskilled, before she can

function in modern industry—in this age or in any other. Otherwise she is as incompetent to perform her task as a child of six years is to sweep a house. A stenographer who must use conscious mental effort every time she pushes down the shift key or the back-spacer of her typewriter could never get out the correspondence of a modern business office. In fact, matters of punctuation, spelling, the transcribing of shorthand notes, and sometimes the copying of typewritten pages may become automatic. In evidence of this last instance are cases of stenographers who have failed to recognize page after page of words they have copied, the same having left no trace on their conscious memories! A bookkeeper whose mind must be so engrossed in the use of an adding machine that he will make a mistake in his figures if anyone says to him, "Give us a grand total, too, please" isn't efficient enough to hold a job.

These "mental" workers deal in words or figures, spoken or written, all day long. Their minds are probably chained to their jobs more than those of any other class of workers. To enslave the worker's mind by such a process, however, so completely that the thought of rebellion has no time to enter, is an impossibility.

One Thought that Was Born In Labor

If the human mind thought in words alone such might possibly be the case. But great truths come crashing down upon the human intellect, having little to do with words, and asking afterwards for expression. At the very point in the slave's life where his mind might have been totally enslaved, rebellion is **born**! The IWW never originated in the restful mind, in brains unstimulated by active hands!

In fact, where no rebellion exists the propaganda of the IWW is misunderstood, repulsed. Words never make rebels; at most they can augment rebellion, develop it, express it. Words that express unheard-of, undreamed-of ideas make little impression on the human mind. To be a rebel a man has to be a slave, a worker; to build a new social order, to come to comprehend its possibilities, he must organize and let his intellectual insight unfold with the execution of the plan.

How Do We Think?

Who knows, perhaps man's natural way to think is to do? Perhaps the modern "project method" of education for children is applicable to all mankind. How tediously and painfully man has set himself to the job of thinking! From time immemorial he has concocted various poisons which stimulate the brain but in the end destroy him. The male has required of the female that she inspire him to effort, and failing has cursed her for his failure. How tragic is that great silent army of human beings in this age who carry with them to the grave the knowledge of their own latent talents which they lacked power to develop. With what bitterness and shame they secretly con-

demn themselves for not unchaining these sacred impulses within them that so shriek out for expression! Only a few geniuses have been abnormal enough to achieve success, whom investigation shows to be physically related in many cases to the insane. The thinkers, in this age in which we live, go into the silence and grope about their ancestral brains and by the use of words discover ideas which had never occurred to them before, veritable gems of thought, truths which merit the admiration of the world. Whence came these truths? Perhaps they are but the grooves left there by some former doer of things.

Future Possibilities of the Intellect

Perhaps in some future age man in making an automaton of part of his intellectual powers will use the fact toward the advancement of the other parts. Lesson two will follow in the wake of lesson one. The willing hands once thinking will whisper to the mind to think on much farther! Thought will become a spontaneous thing! Improved methods of production, scientific discovery and invention will suggest themselves to the liberated minds of the automata of industry! The human mind will be able to grasp the interrelation of all human activities. Spiritual truths, philosophical explanations, historic facts will no longer constitute the esoteric knowledge of the capitalistic universities, where education is a means of social prestige for further enslaving the workers, but Labor no longer despised or inarticulate, balky or beggarly, will take to her bosom her prodigal offspring!

IWW Only Human Institution Ever Based On the Instinct of Workmanship

This might be possible if mankind's instinct for workmanship were given a chance for development under machine production. But everywhere we find this instinct on the decline, a fact the IWW regrets but utilizes.

Yes, he utilizes it. He knows that a real interest in work is incompatible with a feeling of rebellion. An agitator thrown in the midst of a group of satisfied, interested workers finds himself a misfit.

Where are the workers who love work? Where are the wonderful artisans of the age preceding us? Where are the beautiful products of their handiwork? The wage system and machine production have destroyed them. The instinct of workmanship under machine production must become a specialized instinct and the only element in present civilization which tends to develop and socialize this instinct is the organization of those workers with a view to owning the industries themselves and claiming full interest in the product of their socialized toil.

The IWW recognizes the fact that the progress of mankind from the brute stage to its present day civilization has been due to this same instinct of workmanship, which the ignorant accuse him of destroying! Yet his organization represents the only

institution in the history of the world based fundamentally upon respect for this particular human proclivity. He is the only known conservator of it. He is the scientist who makes use of rebellion. He would make a new world where brute force and war, where the predatory civilization of today, would cease to exist, because of the organized determination of the workers not to uphold it! He

would make a new world that would be based upon the productivity of the workers, masters only inasmuch as they were makers of the world's wealth; he would make a world based on the limitless capacity of the human intellect to create and perfect, to plan and to execute, and where the beauty of the sex instinct might keep pace with this its less notorious sister, the instinct of workmanship.



Ten Years Later

If the Dead Could Speak

By VERA MÖLLER

Beneath the earth our heads lie low,
 Above us summer poppies grow.
 How kind and soft would seem the sod,
 How calm would be our rest, Oh, God!
 If those we loved we knew were warm—
 Untouched by want—safe in the storm.
 For us the poet's fancy weaves
 Sweet rest 'neath palls of poppy leaves,
 But sometimes, from each narrow bed,
 See dear ones' homes and know if there
 The hearths are cold and cupboards bare,
 We see them ground against the wheel
 And flinch for every pang they feel;
 Those things for which we died, how far
 From what our search reveals, they are!
 By turns we've wept, cursed and laughed
 To find corruption, greed and graft;
 The blackest of war's prison hells
 Was not more foul than those dark cells
 Where men are cast for speaking truth.
 We view the land and find, in sooth,
 The very crimes of which we sought
 To free her, when we bled and fought,
 See hunger, waste in banquet halls,
 And turn when back each grave-house
 calls.

I ask the comrades at my side:
 "Did they break faith with us who died?"
 Then thru the silence speaks each wraith,
 "Let them break faith, let them break
 faith;

Seek to defile its flame—the torch
 We tossed to them—'twill sear and
 scorch.'

Then said one spirit, "'Tis not so,
 Take this one thought 'ere ye lie low:
 The growing boy may soon forget
 His brother's wrongs will rankle yet,
 The world's a house, war like a storm
 Tore thru its walls deemed safe and warm,
 But like a storm, brought fresh clean breath
 To close shut rooms that smelled of death,

As winds sweep dust and webs away,
 Drove out old beliefs that bred decay;
 Those men in old traditions shut
 Of kingly right, torn from the rut
 To battlefields and hailed as men—
 Will they be humble slaves again?
 Though men seem foolish, mad or blind,
 Look around you, seek, and you shall find
 New forces working, minds grown clear
 To grasp the truth and banish fear;
 And truth shall triumph, tyrants yield,
 So rest at last in Flanders field.



Would They Be Slaves Again?

Terence V. Powderly

A Power Among The Workers Forty Years Ago, He Dies In Washington Almost Unkown And Forgotten—An Office Holder For Over a Quarter Of A Century. What Was The Secret Of His "Pull"?—And What Was The Knights Of Labor, Of Which He Was The Master Workman At The Climax Of Its Great Career?

THERE died in Washington the other day a man whose end recalled both his one-time greatness and his present obscurity. His passing created a stir, that is, it served to recall the man and his career in its many phases. The Dearborn Independent of July 19, 1924, for instance, contained this brief notice of his death and his by-gone influence:

"Terence V. Powderly is dead. Thirty years or more ago this announcement would have caused genuine sorrow among millions, but today few will remember the power he exerted. For Terence V. Powderly was once the most powerful labor leader in the world.

The Nation of July 16 is neither so brief nor curt when treating the same subject. It draws some morals therefrom as follows:

"Terence V. Powderly died in Washington the other day almost unknown and forgotten. Forty years ago he was a power in American life. For fourteen years he was master workman of the Knights of Labor, leader, in his prime, of 700,000 organized workmen. Few labor leaders retain their leadership, like Samuel Gompers, into old age; most suffer the proverbial ingratitude of democracies. Powderly outlived his movement. Not many labor leaders today know his name; most would be surprised to hear that a Labor Party candidate had been thrice elected mayor of Scranton, as Powderly was in 1878, 1880, and 1882. Labor does not honor its past; labor papers are born and die whose editors never suspect that Boston had a labor daily in the sixties. The Knights of Labor gave way to the better organized and less vaguely idealistic Federation in the early nineties; Powderly took a government job and became a Republican Party orator—and the news of his death sounds like a moan from a musty encyclopedia."

The United Mine Workers' Journal contains the following article on Powderly's passing:

"Former Head of Knights of Labor Dies in Washington

"Terence V. Powderly, general master workman of the Knights of Labor, when that organization was militant, died suddenly at his home in Washington, D. C., on June 24. He was internationally known as a Labor leader and when the Old Knights of Labor was at the height of its power he directed the organization with a skillful hand and won many notable victories.

"Mr. Powderly was born in Carbondale, Pa., in 1849 and was chosen chief of the Knights of Labor in 1879. He resigned as head of the organization when it was supplanted by the newly organized American Federation of Labor.

"In 1878, he was elected mayor of Scranton, Pa., and served three terms and was very successful as

an administrative officer. He was admitted to the bar in 1894 and since 1897 had been connected with the Federal government in some capacity. At the time of his death he was chief of the division of information. He was the author of several books on labor subjects and made many addresses over the country during his career as an active labor leader.

"Mr. Powderly watched with interest the growth of various labor organizations and there was never an international convention of the United Mine Workers that he did not telegraph his good wishes and a labor sentiment for the delegates. The body of the labor leader was buried in Washington and the funeral was largely attended.

"On the day of the funeral, June 26, the Board of Review, Immigration Service, and other branches of that service with which Mr. Powderly had been associated for so many years, suspended business and attended the funeral in a body. The honorary pallbearers were from the Department of Labor and were chosen from the close personal friends of Mr. Powderly. They were: James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor; Judge W. M. Smelser, Kansas; Hugh L. Kerwin, Director of Conciliation; G. W. Love, Ohio; Samuel Gompers, President American Federation of Labor, and Judge F. J. Phillips, New York."

Lawrence Labor (Lawrence, Mass.) of June 29, has this to say about the same subject:

"POWDERLY DEAD

"Man Who Sold Out Knights of Labor Expires After Years of Soft Government Job.

"Terence V. Powderly, for many years General Master Workman of the old Knights of Labor, died Tuesday at his Washington home.

"Like many other labor fakirs, he wound up in a soft government job at Washington. Besides being active in politics, he served as Commissioner General of Immigration under McKinley and later as Chief of the Bureau of Information in the Department of Commerce and Labor.

"In 1893 he resigned from the Knights of Labor. In the general strike for the eight-hour day agitation in 1886-87 he was suspected of knifing the movement in the K. of L. by issuing secret circulars opposing the move. His treachery at the time began the disruption of the Knights of Labor, which was the One Big Union movement of its day and very powerful, at one time enrolling more than a million members.

"Powderly's reward for his labor treachery came in the form of political successes and government jobs. He was also a practicing lawyer. In his early working days he was a railroad worker."

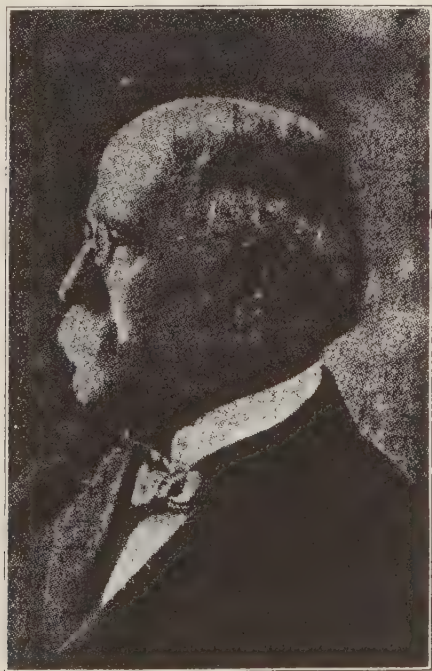
Did He Feel Remorse?

Finally in *The Advance*, organ Amalgamated Clothing Workers, July 11, 1924, one reads an article headed, "Terence V. Powderly, (A Personal Appreciation)" by Clinton S. Golden. This appreciation is due to the fact that Powderly, as a member of the Board of Review of the Department of Labor, spoke against the deportation of an Italian member of the Amalgamated. The Italian was not deported. During this hearing, Powderly introduced Golden saying:

"He is a representative of a large and responsible organization of labor, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, a great industrial union of which I am proud," and as if by afterthought he added, "and what is more, he has not stooped to the depravity that some men have, by becoming a lawyer."

Whether this indicated remorse, Golden says not.

News of Powderly's death has also caused others to wonder many things, one of which is this,



Terence V. Powderly

how did Powderly manage to secure influence enough to get and hold political office for over a quarter of a century?

The writer was a boy when, in 1886, the K. of L. was at its height. He heard and read much about it in a vague, sinister way. Later, in the '90s, he came to know it better through his associations with many of its members and ex-members. He saw how during this period the A. F. of L. scabbed it out of existence, with the aid of internal discord. Of the latter, he heard the reverberations from his associates. They accused Powderly of many definite things. They claimed that he was not a real Knight of Labor, as prescribed by the principles of its founder, Uriah Stevens, whom he is alleged to have displaced by methods which they condemned. The Knights of Labor of Uriah Stevens was a secret, working class organization, with industrial union tendencies. Powderly removed the secrecy, so they contended, in conformity with the wishes of the Catholic church, which is opposed to secret organizations not its own; so they alleged.

Hard to Explain

They also denounced his ending or mis-ending of the strike on the Southwestern railroad system, then owned by the Gould family. This strike, under the masterly and heroic leadership of Martin Irons, was being waged in a victorious manner, when Powderly went into session with the Gould representatives, following which he called the strike off. For this action Powderly was roundly condemned in the labor press of the time; particularly in the socialist press. He was accused of having sold out the strike; and of having left the strikers in a deplorable lurch. The results were demoralizing to the K. of L. also; as it lost prestige and influence through them.

To Powderly, my boyhood K. of L. associates attributed real gifts of leadership. They said he was a persuasive speaker, a man with grasp, and an able parliamentarian. As a presiding officer, they said, "he could make the gavel sing"; and he was also described as a skillful and able politician.

In after years, when noting Powderly's continued office-holding, they attributed it to the backing of the Catholic Church and the Gould family, for had he not served them as a dutiful son and servant should? Apparently, this may be so; it looks very much like it. For it goes without saying that Powderly, the leader of a militant labor organization, would not prove acceptable to the powers that be, unless he had served them in approved style.

An Unconscious Traitor?

Still, it is doubtful, if Powderly ever did anything deliberate to gain the support of the combined clerical and capitalist interests for office-holding purposes. It is safer to say that he was typical of the lack of class-consciousness in the labor leadership of the day; and, as such, acted unconsciously in favor of the dominant interests. Neither workers nor leaders had developed far enough in those days to see opposing class interests clearly and to be guided by them.

Los Angeles Employment Snapshots

By JIM SEYMOUR

HE was undersized and shrinking, his face and attitude branded with the blight of chronic malnutrition. Rather timidly, as one not at all hopeful of success, he braced me for a dime.

"I hate this kind of stuff," he said apologetically, "but what chance is there for a shrimp like me? Only thing I'm good for is playing the piano. I can handle Liszt and Chopin—you know, the old classical boys—just like rolling down hill. But you don't get paid for anything but jazz and I can't thump it. I might beat the drum for the Salvation Army but that's as far as I can go."

He sipped his coffee appreciatively.

"Only thing for me," he continued, "is common labor, and that's open about as much as the heart of a miser. I'm too little.

"You see that big guy there—with the double order of rotten hamburger? Six feet if he's an inch. And husky. He don't know what trouble is. Man comes down here looking for a mucker picks him up first shot. He's got all the best of it. World was made for the average. I get the worst of it. Go hungry lots of times and for long stretches. When I do get a job it's hard on me. When he gets one it's easy. And it's easy for him to get 'em. He never goes hungry. If he did he'd yell like a stuck pig. So used to having his own way he couldn't stand it not to.

"I could walk the legs off of him. That's more near 50-50. He's stronger but he carries more load. But he wouldn't take off any of that. What he wants is loaded dice. And he gets 'em. I guess the geography is right about the world being round; it sure ain't square.

"I believe I'll take a slab of that pumpkin pie. Chemistry is a wonderful thing, ain't it? Who would ever think they could convert sesquioxide of iron into grub?

"But anything is good enough for a workingman. All he does is the world's work, so he ain't entitled to any more consideration than any other machine. But it does look like a machine-owner would have sense enough to oil it."

We left the restaurant.

"Well," he said, "I feel better now. Think while it lasts I'll start out for Frisco. Pretty tough there too, but if a fellow does get a job he gets paid for it. Better organized—higher standard. Besides, Frisco business men got at least brains enough to know that you can't buy if you ain't got the money.

"One o'clock. Well, so long. I'll hit the highway to Saugus, and then I know the S. P. will be good to me."

And he optimistically clambered aboard a yellow car, expecting to get out of town before dark.

....Note.—For the benefit of those who have not seen the wonder city of Los Angeles it is well to explain

that, aside from its locust swarm of hungry real-estate sharks, the second wonder of the city is perhaps the glacier-like service of its yellow street cars, the first wonder being how the inhabitants can tolerate such a monotonous joke.—J. S.

The Artist

HE was pale and esthetic, in his eyes the dreams of the ages. Obviously he didn't belong in the employment district, but, just as obviously, neither does anyone else. Anyhow, his Windsor tie attracted no attention—a man who is down and out is excused for wearing what he can get.

"I am an artist," he said, with a complete absence of the familiar absurd pride. "I love beauty and want to do my part toward making the whole world beautiful—and they drive me here."

"Who—the police?"

"No, the police know nothing of beauty. It is beyond their grasp, and they are busy grasping what they can.

"No, it is not the police—not merely the police—it is the likers of ugliness—the people who see no wrong in poverty and its accompanying filth, misery, despair and insanity. It is they who drive me here."

His voice was soft and dreamy; not resentful, but very sad.

"I want to paint," he continued, "and naturally I feel that each new picture may possibly live, so I have to use the best paints, paying as high as 80 cents for a trifle that, if it were house-paint, would cost about two cents.

"But I could stand that if only rents were reasonable. I've spent three weeks looking for a studio that I can afford, and I've had to give it up.



The good old days of the Baker Block are over. Before that was sold to those sordid charity people we had ideal places at low rent, and they didn't collect very enthusiastically either.

"The other day I found a place for \$20 a month. That's too high and I knew I'd never be able to make it by painting signs. But the man asked me why I didn't work. That struck me as being a good idea, for I know that some people do get along that way. So I came down here and applied for a situation—anything.

"He said he could place me and asked me if I had any restaurant experience. I told him I had and was going to tell him how many different kinds of restaurants I have eaten in, but he was busy and sent me right around to a place where I was to wash dishes.

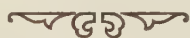
"The manager showed me what to do, but before I started in I began sketching the cook on the window-pane with a piece of soap. It was very interesting and I forgot about the dishes until the manager came in again and said he guessed he wouldn't need me any longer and I could go to the desk and get my three cents if I thought I'd earned it.

"So now I'm looking for another job. You don't



know where there is one suitable for an artist, do you?"

Regretfully I told him I didn't, and left him trying to roll a cigarette with some of my coarse cut-plug.



Two of a Different Kind

NO, HE WOULD NOT

He was a nice, bald-headed man
And had a pleasant smile
He'd been inside the County Jail
For quite a little while.

And when I asked him how he fared
He beamed with ecstasy,
For he had met the biggest joke
That he could ever see.

They'd been to tell him if he would
Just throw his card away,
And simply work and just be good
He need no longer stay.

And they would gladly let him go,
From jail he would be free,
And that is what had made him laugh
In fine spontaneous glee.

And would he throw his card away
And change his awkward lot,
And serve the master every day?
My brothers, he would not.

SCISSORBILL

By MORTON KOMINERS

Young Scissorbill, a silly chap,
Desired to sit on Nature's lap;
Said he, "I'll offer my devotion,
To Nature on the boundless ocean."

And so he got himself a job,
Aboard a workhouse, as deck slob;
No duty did this beauty shirk,
For Scissorbill was born for work.

He painted every deck and mast,
Ye Gods, but Scissorbill was fast;
That bright young lad could surely paint,
The first mate thought he was a saint.

Whene'er the workhouse came near shore,
Young Scissorbill arose at four,
And when she sailed he worked 'til ten,
With all the other sailormen.

When all the rest arose and quit,
Said Bill, "I wouldn't think of it."
He's sixty now and working still,
A wise old owl is Scissorbill.

Let's Make 'Em Go With Us

(With No Apologies to "COLLIERS")

By CARD NO. 306858

WHITING WILLIAMS, "in overalls again," is telling the world in the July 5th issue of "Colliers" of the "benefits" the employees of the B. & O. are receiving since the finish of the strike, thru co-operation with their masters, and of the "benefits" both parties are deriving from "good-will."

This pawn of the masters, this **LITTLE** fish in a **BIG** puddle, starts out his article with this—supposed to be said by a striker—"Course we guys on the outside ain't got no idea exactly how many scabs like you get killed when the dynamite goes off in there where you're going to work. But take it from me, bo, it sure does make one hell of a noise." Ain't that poetical.

Old Stuff

Wall Street, which owns all the railroads (and controls the press) is progressive—for itself—in every way but one. It seems that it cannot get away from that old "bull-con" that all labor halls have unlimited supplies of explosives on hand for use at any and all times. For the love of Mike, Williams, be up-to-date, that old blowing-up stuff has whiskers on it, it's got one foot in the grave. Invent some other story. Let me suggest an unknown Ray that the strikers use to knock the scabs cold. We cannot get a "kick" out of that old bunk any more.

Sherlock on the Job

Mr Williams at the time of the strike was "disguised" as a "tough-looking laborer," but he was, as he hastens to inform you, "in reality a Colliers observer," at Garrett, Ind. Now, dear people, get an ear-full of this. Recently our "observer"—that's slang for scab—was back in Garrett, and, he says, "mixing with the same persons. But with what a difference." But here is where we hand him the putty medal:

"As you know," the same master mechanic I had worked for was saying to the same leaders of the organized strikers, "we are meeting today in order to get 'all set' on the new program of co-operation in the interest of the railroad that pays us our wages." Holy old smoke! "WE are meeting today," "WE," the master mechanic who played the part of a dirty scab all thru the strike, arranging a plan of "co-operation." Say, you rails, what co-operation did he show you during the strike? Do you think that a leopard will ever change its spots? Wake up.

Barnum was Right

Some of you have fallen for this line of bunk and fallen hard. Two of you are born every day, and if they don't get one, they get the other. Some times they get both of you.

Further on in his speech this master mechanic—more slang for scab—showed his true colors when he said, "to consider every suggestion you can get from your members, or we foremen can get from

WHEN THE
WORKERS
DROP HIM OVERBOARD
THEY'LL GET
SOMEWHERE



our work, for saving money and improving our service."

"Co-operation," say, Mr. Williams, (have a little mercy as I have a split lip) "co-operation" in the interest of the railroad, "co-operation for saving money and improving our service," say, you workers, where the hell do you come in?

There is nothing said in this "co-operation" about improving **YOUR** conditions, nothing about arranging a system whereby all men will be working and thousands of idle men will not be competing for your job. Oh, no! Nothing like that was transacted. Save money for your master was the main theme.

Mr. Williams ends this spasm with the remark: "The whole B. & O. system has arranged to sit up to the same table." Yes, folks; the lion lay down with the lamb, but the lamb was inside of him.

Innuendoes

This literary prostitute then remarks: "Perhaps it's because the murders, miseries and other bitter-nesses of the 1922 strike made me sick of Industrial Wars." He does not say by whose side the murders were committed, but leaves you to suppose that the strikers were the murderers. He does not mention the small army of gunmen and thugs who patrolled all the yards and entrances, nothing of the state constables who guarded the scabs, and nothing of the scabs who were blackjacked by other scabs during gambling orgies.

This black-jacking information leaked out through a colored man who scabbed all through the strike at Jersey City.

He next raves about the "black and sweaty men who show such a heart's bottom spirit of enthusiasm for their work," but nothing about the foreman or straw boss who is hollering down the back of their shirt "Hurry up." Some spirit.

Then we have an account of the bird "who begs you with one hand on his drill and the other on your coat sleeve" to wait a moment and he will show you the tool HE invented. "Cuts down this operation from seven hours to two." More co-operation—for the company—and he cannot see that while speeding up production he is digging his own grave and buying the shovel to do it with.

One machine displaces two and one-half men, and these men will compete with him for his job.

Nothing in Common

Our "observer" next goes on to quote President Dan Willard of the B. & O. Gentlemen, allow me to introduce the President; give him your attention: "For years I have dealt with the unions because anything else appeared impractical. Now I have accepted the offer of President Wm. H. Johnston of the International Association of Machinists, and President Bert. M. Jewell of the Railway Shop Crafts of the American Federation of Labor. That means that instead of simply accepting them because there is nothing else to do, I have engaged to work with them, and they with me to the very fullest possible extent."

Three presidents are arranging for your welfare. Where was the President of the AFL during the shop strike? Where were your brother workers in the railroad industry, members of the American Federation of Labor, when carload after carload of scabs were transported across the country and into the shops. Where were all the good "union" engineers, conductors, brakemen, firemen, etc., the brass pounders, and the gandy dancers? Surely they did not help to break your strike?

How many "unions" have you in the railroad industry?

Real Co-operation

Railroad men: take a tumble to yourselves. Your "co-operation" has only resulted in thousands of you being "laid off" all over the country. In other industries also there are thousands of idle men. This year there is a "business depression" almost as bad as in 1921. Why? Well if you want to find out just put your presidents with their "welfare plans" in the discard for a few moments, and do a little thinking for yourselves. Here is one you can draw on for a while: You workers who follow railroads for a living, and

who are now laid off owing to "slackness" you have to get a living somehow, so what happens? Say that you strike out into the harvest fields, what happens? What are you doing? You are glutting the labor market in that industry and driving the wages down, you are driving the harvesters out, and they are forced, perhaps, into your old work, and are the means of wages being reduced in the railroad industry. **The bosses are playing both ends to the middle.**

The Golden Mean

And there, in the middle, what is happening? Why, the big corporations are issuing more dividends than ever before; the value which you have created, and which you did not get, is being wasted in imbecile fashion, in gaudy parties, for the transportation of Los Angeles movie stars in violation of the Mann Act, for palaces, and yachts, and country houses, for \$100,000 gowns, and to purchase the crown jewels of decadent monarchs. They are building marble pig pens, and mother of pearl dog houses and putting diamond collars around the necks of their monkeys.

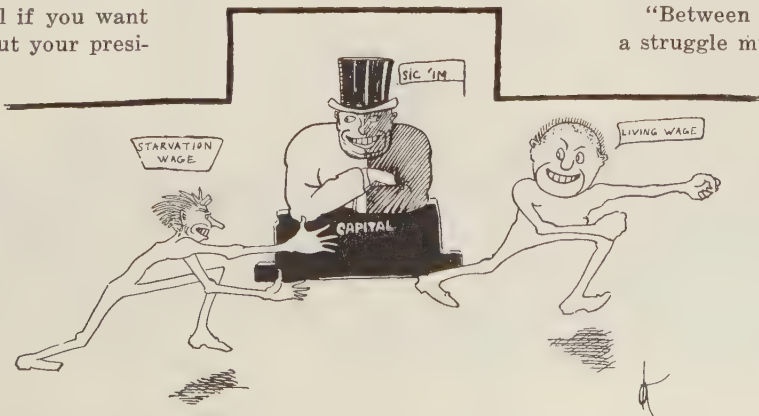
Their young sons are murdering boys in knee breeches, for the "thrill" of it, and their fathers are working children to death to get the millions necessary to prove that their sons are "not sane enough to hang".

And the worst of it is, the effort fails. They can not spend it, and the goods accumulate, and the factories shut down.

This "tool which I have invented, which cuts down the time from seven hours to two," is driving you into the bread line. Machines are displacing labor in all industries, and the hours of labor are not being reduced to allow the absorption of the men who are displaced. They are roaming the streets hungry, and unless you workers **organize industrially** there will be thousands more in the near future. Old time obsolete "craft unions" are unequal to the struggle, and the time is at hand when the workers will have to organize into one big union of all workers, and reduce the hours of labor so that all will be working. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of the working people, and the few, who make up the employing class, have **all the good things of life.**

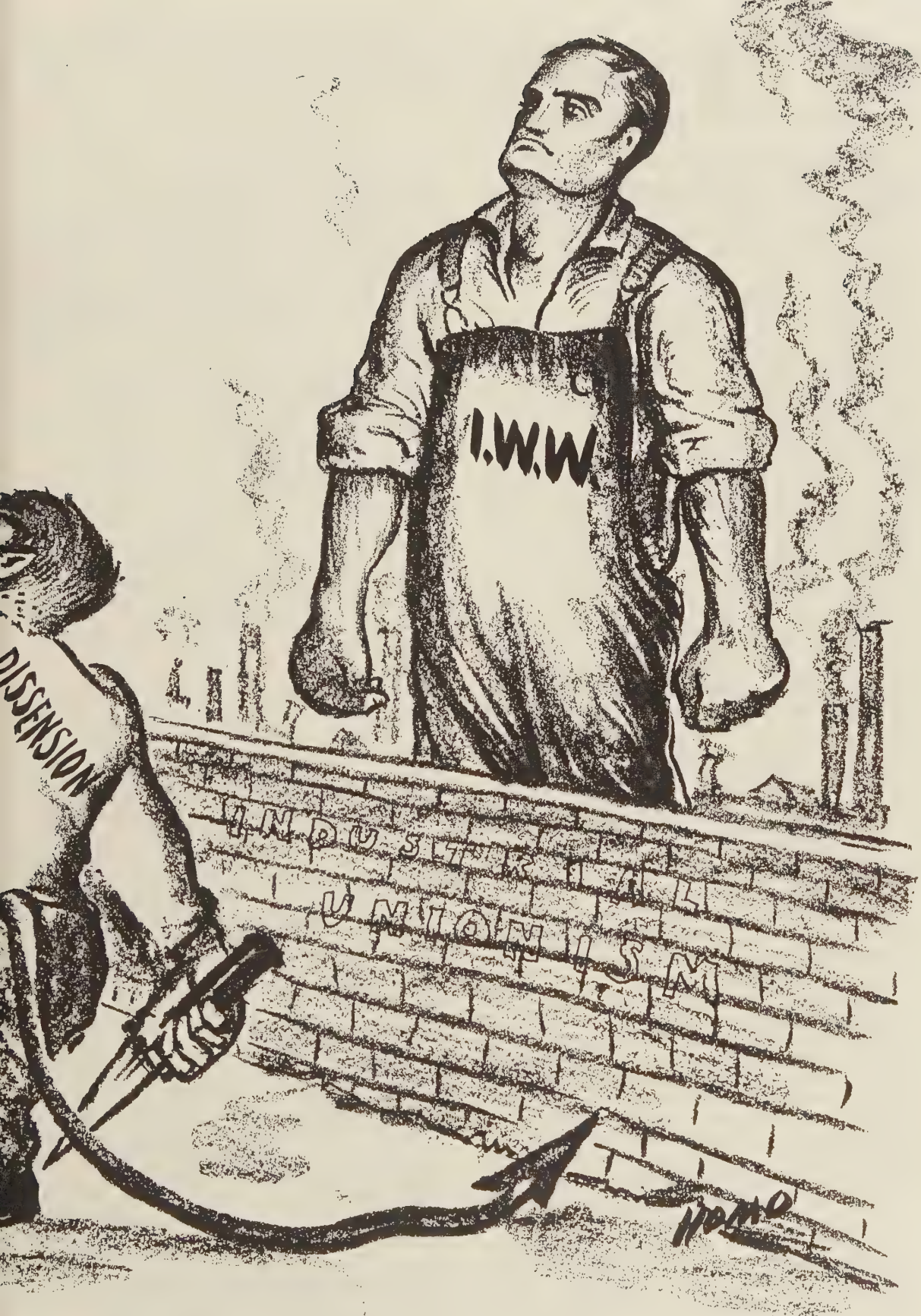
"Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system."

This will be real co-operation.





CAPITALISM:—"I've raided 'em and framed 'em and jailed 'em and hanged 'em; I've



scalded their children, but the IWW still stands there. Now you see what you can do!"

EDITORIALS

By The Editor

WHEN LABOR GETS INJUNCTIONS

THAT the American Federation of Labor should resort to injunction, the typical weapon of the master class, is natural. The \$25,000 per year officers of the craft unions are really, as the IWW has many times charged, not workers, but brokers of labor power, merchants selling the brawn and brain of the members of the unions to their masters and taking a commission for it.

So, though we must regret the decadence of "labor leaders" who go to the capitalist judge and seek to utilize him against their own fellow members of the unions, we are not very much surprised at such actions on the part of the officials of the iron workers who were mutually enjoining each other here in Chicago a few months ago, and also in St. Louis, nor are we much shocked to find that one Albert Workman, president of the longshoremen's local in New Orleans has obtained an injunction restraining the rank and file of his union from ejecting him from the office which he has misused.

These things are not pleasant to think about. Indeed, they are so incongruous that the very judge before whom the ironworkers brought their case scolded the injuncioneers, saying, "This sort of thing shows why Union Labor does not make more progress."

Injunctions in the AFL are a sign of its degeneration, and commonly accepted as such.

RULED BY INJUNCTION

GOVERNMENT by injunction is extending itself. The old rights of trial by jury, trial by one's peers, trial before the public, are giving way. These things are too slow for the capitalists of this age, confronted by the necessity of putting down ever greater rebellions of ever more class conscious workers.

Even in California where juries of farmers and petit bourgeois have been very ready to convict the IWW on the slimmest sort of testimony, Capitalism has about given up the clumsy method of criminal syndicalism laws, in order to smash organization all they can with the nimbler, more up-to-date, more scientific and vastly more unfair method of the injunction.

The injunction smashed the railroad shopmen's strike. It crippled the strike of the girl garment workers in Chicago. It is the ever ready weapon of Capitalism in its war with Labor. Nothing but absolute defiance can win for Labor. If the judge enjoins the workers from striking, they must strike anyway, and face whatever penalty there may be, in the way of contempt proceedings. Even the yellow AFL admits this. Everybody admits that the

power of the injunction, thoroughly immoral, thoroughly dangerous to Labor, must be broken down, or it will crush all labor organization. The IWW in its close contact with the Busick anti-IWW injunction, well realizes this. The AFL wishes to see the injunction abolished, but has not the power, and its membership have not the courage.

The IWW with its more efficient type of organization, and better fighting spirit, can develop this power, and must do so, and at once,—or Labor perishes!

ORGANIZE THE UNORGANIZED

THERE is a general inclination to regard the United States as though it had a labor movement. This conception is fundamentally erroneous. The facts are that less than four million workers are organized, even in the weakest, most divided, and nearly useless forms of organization, the craft unions. The laboring population of the United States is about twenty-five to thirty million, depending on the state of industry. Can an organization membership which can claim to be only between one-sixth to one-fifth of the population of workers be seriously considered as a labor movement?

The AFL of course isn't growing. In fact, lately it has been shrinking in numbers. Its leaders do not want it to grow. The craft ideal is not large numbers, but limitation of membership, in order to create an artificial monopoly, a job trust.

How much different is the IWW! The Industrial Workers of the World makes no difference between skilled and unskilled. If you work in the industry, you join the one big IWW union established in that industry. The result is, that while craftism is sinking into disrepute and helplessness, the IWW industrial unions are growing, even in hard times, wherever real organizing energy is expended. Lumberworkers' Industrial Union No. 120 of the IWW is spreading into Canada and into Maine. Metal Miners' Industrial Union No. 210 of the IWW is getting stronger and stronger in Canada, and the Mexican administration is growing by leaps and bounds around Chihuahua, and in general through Northern Mexico.

The Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union No. 110 of the IWW is getting away with one of its best harvest drives—lining up men by thousands, and doing it in spite of the opposition to it in North Dakota of the combined county, state, and national governments, and in spite of strike breaking organized by state universities and farm bureaus.

Industrial Unionism has the right of way!

All we need to do is to organize, **organize, ORGANIZE!**

EDITORIALS

By Pioneer Readers

DOWN TO SEE IN THE SHIPS

By G. EDMUND CLINES

Seaman Tramp and Slave Extraordinary

REGARDING an article in the May number of the Pioneer, "The Life of a Seaman," can it really be called a life? It is rather a meager existence, I think.

As I am only a young fellow and have only been traveling around since 1913, perhaps you will pardon this seemingly unjust statement, which is nevertheless a fact, as you well know. But for the benefit of some of the so-called one hundred per cent Americans I will merely state a few of the reasons why I claim that a sailor does not live.

First, when he signs on a ship he renounces all rights, if he had any in the first place, packs what few belongings he has and goes aboard the ship, for the simple reason that somehow he does not seem to fit into the general run of things ashore and perhaps he knows no better. The queer thing that I cannot understand is that the mate does not seem to realize that he is merely a tool of the capitalist class and takes particular delight in making life as miserable as he can for all hands. He speaks in such terms as "my ship" and "our company," and I have even heard some of the slaves use the same terms. But thanks to IU 510 some of the latter at least are beginning to realize the truth of the old adage, that the working class and the employing class have nothing in common.

The last excuse that I had the misfortune to get on was the SS Sumanco of the notorious Transmarine Company of Newark. I figured it out that the average allowance for eats on that particular ship was about thirty cents per day, and some of the food was absolutely unfit for human consumption.

The first officer was a fellow who seemed as if he were afraid for his job, and the second mate was carrying the ship around on his shoulders, if you know what I mean. I remember one night in particular. We were steering from the upper bridge, coming up the coast, and it was rather cool. Not having had a thing to eat I could not stand the cold and asked him to let me steer from the lower wheel house. All the sympathy I received was, "It ain't cold. If a little thing like that bothers you, what did you come to sea for?" Being rather quick tempered I naturally gave him a piece of my mind, and finished my wheel turn in the pilot house.

I have been on ships of seven different nationalities, but this was the worst of them all—two watches and the worst of food. Sailing out from the great port of New York in 1924, not 1824, I thought that the days of the galley slave were over, but I see that they are not. I ask my fellow workers and also the 100 per cent Americans who kept the ships running during the strike, what is the difference

between being chained to an oar in one of the old fashioned galleys and lashed by an enemy, and being forced to take a job in one of these ships to be driven and cursed by your own countrymen? Now I ask you.

MORE OF CALIFORNIA'S JUSTICE.

MERELY to back up our old statement that California is not part of the United States, that it is the most inhuman and atrocious place in the world, we are giving out another bit of information that is not commonly known.

The law of California says, that the state will not care for anyone who is or becomes mentally defective in the State of California, if the person has not resided in California for over a year.

To the average person this may seem quite alright. But stop and think a moment. Think who it is that harvests the grain of the country; who is it that hews the forests; who goes down to the sea in ships and brings foreign produce to your shores or who it is that makes it possible for you spin over magnificent highways or ride on the most smooth road beds for railroads that there are in the universe. Who is it that does all these things? It is the migratory worker, the person who is forced to follow seasonal work. He is forced from place to place and each year takes him through many states; the very nature of his work will not allow him to live in one state for a year.

Then again, each year numbers of the people who follow this line of work are injured. In many instances these injuries result in some form of insanity. That happens in California too. Now ask yourself what happens to those unfortunate people. California will not care for them. They are not residents of any other state, so what does become of them?

Here is your answer. Many of them are thrown in jails, from there no one knows where they go; they disappear in thin air. No one investigates, for no one is interested. Others are loaded on trains in large numbers and shipped out of the state to other jails, where the same thing happens. Just recently over one hundred and fifty of these unfortunate folk were taken from California. In the group were men, women and children, a few guards with them. They were taken to Colorado, Texas, New Mexico and Oklahoma; their relatives were supposed to meet them. Upon their arrival at the different destinations, no one came forth to claim them, they were put in jail. Where will they eventually land? In a home? Or will they, too, disappear as countless hundreds have—in thin air, no one knowing where, no one caring!—**Delaney.**

Finger Prints Imperil Workers

A Book Review by James Coleman

THOSE who believe the newspapers undoubtedly would be willing to wager more or less substantial sums that when a man's finger-print is found upon the scene of a crime that individual had some close connection with it; if his finger-mark is impressed upon a gun or a knife with which a murder was done, they would say, he is the guilty man! For thirty years this doctrine of infallibility has been spreading throughout the world. No two finger-prints are alike, the accredited experts assert. And one man has been hanged, in Chicago, solely on the strength of finger-print evidence.

But this doctrine of infallibility is due for the scrap-heap. It is an utterly fallacious doctrine, according to Albert Wehde and John Nicholas Beffel, authors of a new book entitled "Finger-Prints Can Be Forged." This volume describes a process of finger-print forgery conceived and perfected by Wehde while he was a political prisoner in the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth.

He declares that no expert can distinguish between an original finger-impression and a fake produced by his method. In this claim he is supported by two former fellow prisoners who were sentenced in the Chicago IWW war trial, and who are qualified authorities on finger-print identification.

Light Thrown into Dark Corridors

Unquestionably this is an epochal book. It throws a searching light into corridors which have too long been dark; it will compel a revaluation of values in an important region of evidence; and it may well save the lives and safeguard the imperilled liberty of many innocent men, accused of crimes perhaps because of efforts to better the lives of their fellows.

Wehde was sentenced by Judge Landis to serve three years in prison for an attempt to transport arms to East Indian revolutionists—before the United States entered the European war. Because of his experience as a photographer, he was placed in the finger-print laboratory at the penitentiary. Here it was his job to develop (with contrasting powder) and photograph latent finger-marks on objects associated with crimes, objects sent in from various parts of the country; also he made etchings of finger-prints for escape cards when prisoners ran away.

Subsequently Wehde was impelled to begin experimenting in finger-impression forgery by observing a visiting Oklahoma police officer, H. A. Murphy, attempt to doctor a finger-print photograph so that he might get in on a \$33,000 reward in a train robbery case. How

Wehde happened to achieve what he sought is described in detail. His process is not forgery in the same sense as the counterfeiting of a signature; it is actually a transfer—from the original. He could lift a genuine finger-print from a drinking glass or a paper weight in New York and plant it on a weapon used in a Seattle murder, and on that evidence, under prevailing court rulings, a man who was never west of the Alleghenies might be arrested, convicted by a jury, and hanged for a crime with which he had nothing to do.

After Wehde had demonstrated his method to several of his fellow experts, a chart of genuine and fraudulent finger-impressions made by him was placed on the desk of his superior, A. J. Renoe, then special agent at Leavenworth for the Department of Justice. For two weeks this chart remained on Renoe's desk, but Renoe would not venture to choose between the real and the forged prints, although he was and is credited in police circles with being the nation's leading expert in this field.

Renoe Sends False Report to Burns

"Soon after the chart incident," Wehde relates, "William J. Burns, then chief of the bureau of investigation in the Department of Justice at Washington, wrote to Renoe asking him to state candidly whether there was any known process by which finger-prints could be successfully forged."

The letter was turned over to a political prisoner who was Renoe's secretary, with instructions to answer it. The latter showed the communication to Wehde, and asked what he should write in reply.

"Tell him we can do it to defy detection," Wehde said.

"That won't do," the other prisoner declared. "The agent wants me to write a negative answer."

"So the two of us," says Wehde, "formulated a letter in which we emphatically and solemnly asserted that the forging of finger-print impressions was an utter impossibility. We chuckled at the irony of this. Then the letter, in finished form, was handed to Renoe, who signed the pronouncement as his official verdict, and thus Burns was furnished with authoritative evidence that nobody could do what I had no trouble in doing whenever I wished."

President Harding commuted Wehde's sentence in 1922. Wehde then made public the facts connected

with this discovery through an interview in the Defense News Service, issued by the General Defense Committee of Chicago. This interview was published in many labor and liberal papers on six continents.



Experts Try to Suppress Facts

In a magazine article published in March, 1923, Renoe sought to discredit Wehde's claim, though without naming him, and urged "those who claim they can forge finger-prints" to submit their method to the principal experts of the country, and ask them to distinguish the original finger-prints from the fakes involved. "Such a test would be of scientific value," Renoe stated, "and I am sure the finger-print experts would welcome it."

But when Wehde wrote to Al Dunlap, president of the Illinois Association for Identification, requesting the privilege of the floor at the association's 1923 convention, he failed to receive the welcome Renoe had prophesied. Dunlap and several leading finger-print experts visited Wehde's office, watched the latter counterfeit several prints, and left without commenting. Then Dunlap sent Wehde a letter denouncing him and denying him the convention floor. And at the convention, with nobody to contradict, two of the experts who had participated in the test "proceeded to blast Wehde's claims to smithereens." Telling of all this, Dunlap's paper, *The Detective*, said that Wehde had claimed that he had "invented a process by which to accomplish this hellish design" (of successfully forging finger-prints).

But if Dunlap was able to keep Wehde from disturbing the tranquillity of the identification convention, he could not keep the world from hearing about the Wehde forgery process. Publication of the present book is the answer to the attempt at censorship. Wehde declares that the adherents of the finger-print system uphold the doctrine of infallibility simply to keep from losing soft jobs.

Big Profit In Training "Experts"

In the light of Wehde's discovery, Beffel has conducted a minute inquiry into the whole history of finger-print usage, which antedates the time of Christ, and analyzes the motives behind the propaganda for universal finger-printing. Beffel points out that the business of training "experts" in this field is highly profitable, and simple. For \$70 anyone can buy a course of lessons and by studying only in his spare time can become an "expert" in a few months. He need not have much education. "If you can read and write English we will teach you the rest," asserts the so-called University of Applied Science in Chicago, which in four years became prosperous enough to erect a \$100,000 building!

"With the forgery of finger-prints an established and certain possibility," Beffel contends, "no man's liberty or life is safe—if the courts continue to admit finger-print evidence as conclusive proof in itself of crime. . . . Police officers or prosecutors who wanted to 'get' some innocent man could plant

his finger-prints on the scene of a murder, 'find' them there, and fasten the crime to him; or when they had failed to solve some atrocious murder mystery they might satisfy public clamor by thus laying the killing to someone not guilty. Criminals, too, could lay the blame for their own crimes on someone else.

"There is no guarantee that the police anywhere will destroy the finger-prints of persons acquitted of criminal charges, or dismissed after false arrest. . . . When Valentine Rodriguez, organizer for the Industrial Workers of the World, was arrested in Sacramento, California, for distributing an IWW leaflet attacking the state criminal syndicalism law, his finger prints were taken and he was handled roughly. In police court he was released because he had not violated any law. But the police retained his finger-prints."

And if anyone in this country is still naive enough to believe that the police and prosecuting authorities in our cities are all zealous and impartial guardians of human rights, Beffel urges that such persons read the report of J. B. Densmore of the United States Department of Labor, on the Mooney and Billings case. And he cites Emerson Hough's book "The Web" as showing how the police and the federal government departments worked hand in hand during the war hysteria.

Champions of Workers Endangered

"If a universal finger-registration system were in vogue in the United States," Beffel avers, "any person, alien or native, who aggressively criticized the political, social or industrial institutions of this country might well become the object of persecution engendered by reactionaries. It would give additional ammunition, for instance, to those upholders of the prevailing order who have sent 107 members of the Industrial Workers of the World to prison for from one to fifteen years in California, not for any overt act, but solely for holding membership in the IWW, which is legal in every other state, and which enjoys second-class mailing privileges from the Post Office Department for its publications. These convictions of IWW members have been effected on the testimony of professional witnesses who have 'confessed' repeatedly that they committed felonies while members of the IWW, but who have never been prosecuted for any of their admitted crimes."

In the writing of this book a vast amount of painstaking research has evidently been done; it has the ring of accuracy and sincerity. How will the advocates of universal registration answer it? How long will the public continue to pay salaries to finger-print "experts" attached to the police?

Finger-Prints Can Be Forged, by Albert Wehde and John Nicholas Beffel. Chicago: Tremonia Publishing Company. 125 pages. \$1.65 postpaid.

Books reviewed in the *Industrial Pioneer* can be obtained promptly by ordering through the IWW Book Department, 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago. Send money with order.



STEAM SHOVEL MINING

Page 5 Shows An Entire Hill Being Removed In This Way

Machine Revolutionizes Mining

(Continued from page 8)

Union men are pitted against union men; members belonging to the same organization are used to crush their own kind into the pit of poverty and despair!

An injury to one is not an injury to all.

There is still turmoil in the eastern field and it is very acute since the present stagnation has entered into the industry. The outcome can be measured by the statements of the union leaders.

They admit that they don't know what to do because the bottom has dropped out of industry, leaving the unions powerless to stop the onward march of the greed for profit.

There are 200,000 more miners than necessary in the coal industry. When in spite of their ignorance they are told what to do to put these men back on the job they do not see it, because they still want to be the respectable "law and order" brand of labor leaders.

Educated only to the policies of capitalistic thought, the district organizations began a furious conflict among themselves, one to outdo the other in grabbing a few more dollars at the expense of decent working conditions.

As far as I have been able to learn, no monuments were ever erected to "millionaire miners" who died in luxury. It is safe to say that more of these gluttons died for the want of a set of brains to tell them when their back was breaking. These men, by outstripping the machine in

loading, have been one factor in creating more men than necessary.

Machinery introduced into mining is revolutionizing the methods of mining. No more is the hand drill or the pick a factor. Mechanical power applied to mining and drilling machinery signed the miners' death warrant. Intensified coal cutting caused production to gain by leaps and bounds; miners began to produce more coal per man, doubling the output, which meant less working days to fill a normal market. Collective interest gave way to individual greed and new methods were introduced in the routine of work.

Enter Gang System

Entry work and turning rooms off the entry formerly were done by miners who were going to continue to work in those places. The miner would cut on the left side rib and yardage was paid when he completed the turning of his room. The entry men only worked in the entry, two men generally working together in each entry. The method was cutting and shooting from the solid. With the introduction of the cutting machine these customs and conditions have changed. We now have the gang system.

This system works in a different way. Instead of one or two men having an individual working place, we now have three men who work the entries and rooms. They cut all crosscuts and room necks. This gives to them about seven places

to develop continually. They are never idle for the want of a place to work.

There is one man, a machine cutter, who when he gets the places out, assists in the loading.

Through this method the gang can load about twenty tons per man, where formerly five to eight were loaded.

The gang men are classified as the aristocrats of the mine. They have the preference of the turn of cars, and they load more than the average miner who is working in the room. It is an unequal division which creates a great deal of dissatisfaction among the miners.

When contracts are made with the operators, the payroll of gang men's wages are always brought forward as the basis on which they determine the yardage and tonnage for the next term.

These gang men thought that they would always be the selected class, but such is not the case.

The inventor, always busy, has now perfected a machine for loading coal, which will displace human labor; and many miners will be placed on the market with the unemployed.

The mine workers will realize in the future that the remedy is not doing more and getting less but organizing as a class to do less and get more. This can only be accomplished by the ownership collectively of the industries.

The development of this method of work has created a condition which is going to react on the miners' organization. So called leaders have in many instances aided and abetted these conditions instead of keeping an equality of rights in the mines, as it was necessary to do. This one step in the mining industry has made the competition for jobs much keener.

Contracts

Contracts are sacred; under no consideration must they be violated. Thus the motto still remains. Contracts made are just kept by the subject class because they are powerless to enforce them. This is due to the methods of construction of the union and treacherous policy of the reactionary leaders in signing contracts, pitting state against state.

When the Illinois miners signed the contract specifying a stipulated price for certain classes of work, they expected to receive it in cash. Many of the mines have shut down and the employees have received no wages. There are many who have \$150 to \$250 for payment for work done, for a period of four to six weeks.

There is no security of any kind to guarantee the payment of same, and the miners' union is helpless to enforce their own wage contract.

Contracts are only insurance policies in favor of the employer to pacify the miners and to cause them to fill the market for a specified term and guarantee peace and quietness, so as to enable employers to cull as much profit as they can.

The employers always appeal when making a

contract on the basis of market competition so that they will base a scale of wages accordingly. The miners' leaders, only schooled in contract and capitalistic economics, do not understand the fact that, high or low wages, the employer extracts his surplus value at the point of production. It is of no interest to the workers where or how he disposes of it. It is only to their interest to force him to give as much as possible.

Contracts are an emergency and should be understood as only a means to keep the industry moving.

Resistance must at all times be made at the point of production, in order to stabilize the miner's pay envelope with the price of commodities that he has to buy. The contract system as arranged does not permit this to be done.

With this condition of reasoning on the price of markets a fierce internal struggle enters into the union.

For example, in Kentucky the scale for a working agreement is much less than the scale of Illinois. They have \$7.50 for day work in this state. The Eastern field is on a low scale where non-union fields are in competition. Many would say that the operators of Illinois were very generous or they don't know what they are doing. The future will tell.

Let us look at the development of mines in Illinois. Many mines have been shut down, true, but many will not open again. There are new shafts going down. These are large and meet a future necessity. They are preparing to produce coal as they never have done previously.

The method of taking out the coal as the mine developed has been discarded. The companies have been allowed to develop new mines in a new way. They are driving the entries to the boundary. Larger cars are going to be installed. They have also introduced a loading machine for the loading of coal. This machine can load an enormous amount of coal and never get tired. This will displace, in future, many men.

The mines are to be fenced around by strong wire, ten feet high, which can be charged with electric current. It is of small mesh and is placed there to keep the "vermin" away.

Inside there is a good sized tract of land. On the tipples the companies have placed searchlights.

Now they have everything ready to carry on large scale production. They will be able to compete with the eastern market because they will produce coal at less cost, with less miners. This condition of affairs points to one thing, namely, that they will not need a contract to keep the miners idle three years from now.

Appointive powers will be abolished because there will be less dues to support a large useless "machine."

Conventions called to discuss the effects, without considering these changes taking place within the

industry are only a debating society to fool the workers while their contracts and their organization dwindle away like a snow bank before a summer's sun.

It is time the miners realized that they must organize industrially and carry on the fight where the conditions for settlement arise. Their leaders are causing a chaos by their methods of organization and delivering the workers' interests piecemeal to the wolves of finance, the coal operators of America.

Conclusion

We have seen the development of mining, at home and abroad, from small production to super-production; from hand labor to machine production. Owing to this revolutionary change, thousands of miners will be unable to secure work. We see the unions remain the same while the development of industry undermines their foundations.

As Marx points out: "The modern laborer, instead of rising with the progress of industry, sinks deeper and deeper below the conditions of existence of his own class. He becomes a pauper, and pauperism develops more rapidly than population and wealth. And here it becomes evident that the bourgeoisie (capitalists) is unfit any longer to be the ruling class in society, and to impose its conditions of existence upon society as an over-riding law. It is unfit to rule because it is incompetent to assure an existence to its slave within his slavery, because it cannot help letting him sink into such a state that it has to feed him instead of being fed by him. Society can no longer live under the bourgeoisie; in other words, its existence is no longer compatible with society."

These facts are now facing you miners. You have carried on many strikes to remedy the effects of this system. Your rights as union men were subjected to the whim of the state during the war, but when you tried to better your condition in this war to exist the corporations used their forces against you.

Sectional strikes have dotted the country; but one state pitted against the other in coal production has always spelled defeat to them. Legalized by the methods of the union, offset by the palliative of "moral" support.

This form of the strike is hopeless and useless. It is like a man trying to pull himself out of a bog by tugging at his own hair.

We found also that union men hauled the coal from the mines that were on strike.

Industrial organization of transportation and mining into one union is necessary to stop this state of affairs.

You have 200,000 more miners than the industry can use. This through the advancement and quickening processes of machine production. They will be thrown out to take their place among the unemployed—no room for the slave within his slavery.

You will condemn the machine. It is not the machine. It is the ownership and control of the industry whereby machinery produces profit for a few and not for the workers, as it should.

Mankind stands at the door of a new era. Your past will not save you.

Unions as now constructed cannot cope with the situation. Instead of fighting for wages, contracts, check-offs, insurance, as static conditions, we must understand they should be only a means to an end to carry on the work of organizing the workers as a class to fight as a class to wrest the industries from the hands of the exploiters.

A revolution has been going on under your very eyes. You did not understand it. Now you realize it. It forces you to wander for the elusive job.

Each industry has developed along side of mining and has acted in the same way: the surplus workers are also forced to join the unemployed.

Each day this army is growing with no chance of diminishing. They are victims through the ignorance of the working class, not understanding the economic laws governing society.

Coal! Coal! Shining Black Diamonds! Your color is slightly red. You are stained with the red blood of the slaves who sought in their quest to earn an existence. In future your color will be jet black, because the machine will be your partner. Human labor will be pushed aside, and the miners will be forced to starve or fight.

The miners thought they could compete with their brawn against the machine, but it was an illusion.

Machinery has enslaved mankind, but it will also be its liberator.

Thirty-six thousand miners in Illinois are on the verge of disinheritance.

Miners, study your condition: learn the correct way to organize. Your future is at stake. The industrial form of organization points out the way.

All workers must organize in one union to offset the tyranny which is surely coming, and stop the injustice created by working against each other.

INJUNCTION DEFINED

An injunction is law made by a judge; and its penalties are fixed by the same judge; and the offenders are tried before the same judge; and the verdict is rendered by a jury of one man—the same judge; and the sentence is pronounced by the same judge.

A law that is found on no statute book.

A law that has never been voted on by any set of legislators.

A law that has never been signed by any governor or president.

A law that exists without the consent of the people.

A law that came into being as the law of one man.

WOBBLES

DOWN SOUTH

A negro went into a bank down south to get a check cashed. He stood in line a long time and finally his turn came. Just as he got to the window the teller put up a sign: "The Bank is Busted."

The Negro: "What do you mean, the bank is busted?"

Teller: "Well, it is, that's all; it's busted. Didn't you ever hear of a bank being busted?"

The Negro: "Yes, but I never had one bust right in my face before."

SLACKER

Foreman—"Ow is it that that leetle man always carries two planks to your one?"

Laborer—"Cos 'e's too blinkin' lazy to go back for the other one."

THE EARLY BIRD

"So you're working for Deacon Klutch now," said one hired man. "'S'pose you're woke up every morning by the roosters crowing?"

"No," replied the other hired man. "I wake the roosters up and start 'em crowing."

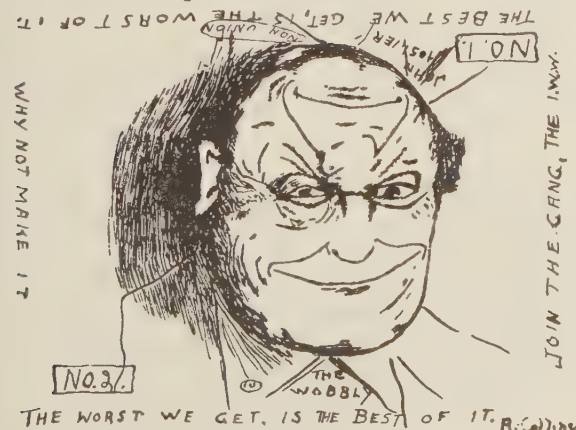
IN AN UNSAFE PLACE

A carpenter sent to make some repairs on one of the more fashionable sorority houses, entered the place and began work.

"Mary," said the house mother to the maid, "see that my jewel case is locked at once!"

The carpenter understood. He removed his watch and chain from his vest in a significant manner and handed them to his apprentice.

"John," said he, "take these back to the shop! It seems that this place ain't safe."



The Savior of the Capitalist

Millionaire (after a hard day's golf): "I'm dead tired tonight."

Wife: "Never mind, dear; perhaps La Follette will abolish golf! He's very radical, you know."

HOW COULD HE KNOW?

A certain employee in a big manufacturing concern ambled into the office about 9:30 and found the boss infuriated.

"Do you know what time we begin work in this office?" he thundered.

"No, I can't say that I do," replied the tardy one, "but they're always at it when I get here."

LUXURY

MISSION STIFF (to worker just paid off): Brother, kin I have . . .

WORKER: Sure; sit down here at the counter. Order what you like.

M. S.: Coffee an'.

W.: Naw, I'm flush, see? Go ahead, eat a real meal; order up!

M. S.: Oh, thank you, thank you, brother. Uh, two coffee an's!

New Proof in the Centralia Case

"MURDER will out," and evidently, so will perjury, also the proof of legal frame-ups. There are eight members of the IWW in the state penitentiary of Washington, at Walla Walla. They are serving sentences of twenty-five to forty years, that is, life sentences, for being convicted of murdering Warren O. Grimm, an officer of the American Legion in Centralia, Washington.

Notice we say, "convicted" of murdering, not "guilty" of murdering. The evidence piles up, inexorably, bit by bit, to show that these men are guiltless, that if any of the eight now in prison fired the fatal shots at Warren O. Grimm, they had every moral and legal right to take his life, and are therefore, not guilty of any murder and should be walking about in freedom, at this moment.

The latest thing in their favor is a set of three affidavits, secured by the General Defense, from citizens of Centralia. Two brothers, Cecil and Clyde DeWitt were high school boys at the time of the shooting, on Armistice Day, 1919, and they now swear on their solemn oath that they heard the American Legion men planning to raid by force of arms the IWW hall in Centralia on November 11, for the purpose of misusing the members of the Industrial Workers of the World who might be in the hall. These two boys watched the parade of Legionnaires on the date set, and saw them attack the hall. Warren O. Grimm was near the head of the attacking party, and they saw him when shots were fired in self defense by someone inside of the hall.

This evidence is duplicated by another affidavit, sworn to by P. M. Crinion, a retired property owner, who stood not over 150 feet from the hall when the attack took place.

The prosecution which tried to hang these members of the IWW knew all these facts, for Cornier told them to the prosecutor, personally. But the prosecution concealed them from the defense, and from the jury, intimidated the defense witnesses, filled the town with soldiers and intimidated the jury, and brought about a false verdict of guilty. Nine of the jurors admitted before these last affidavits were secured, that the verdict should have been "not guilty" and six of them made affidavit to that effect.

STATE OF WASHINGTON }
COUNTY OF LEWIS } SS

I, Clyde DeWitt, residing at 1201 Marion street, Centralia, Washington, was standing on the sidewalk at the northwest corner of the intersection of Second street and Tower avenue in Centralia on the afternoon of November 11, 1919, when the Centralia division of ex-service men in the Armistice Day parade, after marching northward to Third street and turning back, was marching southward again. Some time during the week before Armistice Day, I remember hearing some boys in the Logan district of Centralia, where my home is located, talking about a plan to raid the I.W.W. hall.

When the Centralia ex-service men were in front of that hall on their return trip, they stopped. Then a man on horseback who was some distance ahead of them blew a whistle. I saw several soldiers run toward the I.W.W. hall, and saw them pounding against the front of the building. Then I heard a lot of shots and I turned and ran into Second street, so that the Co-operative Store building, near which I had been standing, was now between me and the Centralia soldiers. I crossed Second street, and went behind the Ax Billy confectionery store. Shortly afterward Lieutenant Warren Grimm also came behind the Ax Billy store. He pulled up his shirt and said: "Oh, God, I'm shot!" I saw a wound in his abdomen. Another soldier was with him and caught him as he fell.

I had seen Grimm many times on the streets in Centralia, and knew ~~him~~ that he was a lawyer and a fine baseball player. I am certain that he was not near the corner of Tower avenue and Second street, where I was standing, at the time when the I.W.W. hall was attacked and when the first shots were fired on Armistice Day.

(Signed) Clyde DeWitt

Subscribed and sworn to before me, a Notary Public for the State of Washington, residing at ~~XXXXXX~~ Chehalis, Washington, this twenty-first day of June, 1924.

O.A. Tucker

Witnessed: Paul Malin.

G.M. Tucker.

One of the Three Latest Affidavits

Gus and Ole

By ADAM NOIR

EXCITEMENT ran high in the Oleson home. There was much turning and twisting and running about, much high pitched conversation, much joy; for tomorrow would be THE Sunday and everybody was going to the picnic, and it was necessary that everybody and everything be ready when the truck came along.

The truck would be furnished by the mill company. In fact, it was the mill company that was giving the picnic—for the pleasure and benefit of its employes and their friends. Of course, each family would have to furnish its own eats, and each individual would have to contribute his share of entertainment, but the company furnished the trucks that would haul them to the grounds, and the grounds belonged to the county in which the mill was located, so, you see, it really was a company picnic after all.

More than that, the company had donated the money to be distributed in prizes. A dollar for the fat women's race, a dollar for the three-legged race, a dollar for the high jump and a dollar for the broad jump; a dollar for this and a dollar for that, probably ten dollars in all.

Best of all, there would be a competitive tryout to choose members for the company baseball team, the company drill team, and the company rifle team, all of which would compete for the championship of the county with similar teams from other mills at a great inter-mill tournament to be held the first Monday in September—Labor Day.

Thelma, aged fourteen, was almost sure she would win the prize in the girls' race; she won it last year, and had been training for weeks.

Carl and Ivor, aged eleven and eight, had tied themselves together, ankle and knee, and were practicing industriously for the three-legged race.

Mrs. Oleson knew she could not enter for the fat women's race. For, although she had once been rather plump, it was in the old days before she had so many children to care for—before she had to work so hard.

Gus was almost certain to make the rifle team. For he had served as a sharpshooter in France, and already had several medals attesting his skill.

Ole had also served his country overseas and was even a better marksman than Gus, but, somehow, he did not seem to care for such things any more. He had the air of one who had met with great disappointment and disillusionment. He seldom spoke, but when he did it was not comfortable to hear. Not that he was bitter spoken or sarcastic, but his words had a habit of penetrating to the very center of one's consciousness and causing one to think—and thinking is seldom a comfortable occupation.

When Axel, the father, came home to supper, he did not contribute to the general enthusiasm. In fact, he was a sort of wet blanket, gloomy and silent. Notice had, that afternoon, been posted announcing a wage cut to take effect the following Monday.

The superintendent had been kind enough to call the men together and explain to them that wage

reduction was made necessary by a falling market and consequent reduction in the price of lumber. He did, however, cheer them up somewhat by saying the mill would operate overtime, two hours a day, and those who worked this time, at the regular price per hour, would actually receive more money than they had before.

Axel was eagerly glad for the few extra cents a day he would receive—for every cent he could scrape together would not begin to pay for the things he longed to provide for his family—but he did not believe he was physically able to stand the gruelling strain of those extra two hours. Since the eight-hour day had come, the pace at which the men worked had grown faster and faster until now it seemed to him he was more fatigued than he had been in the old days when he worked from daylight 'til dark and seldom saw his family except by lamp light.

Gus and Ole had also been notified of the cut and it became the topic of their supper table conversation.

Mrs. Oleson did not like the idea of overtime, for it meant that she must get up earlier in the morning to cook breakfast and be an hour or two later in serving supper, but she quickly calculated the benefits to accrue from the added income and decided that if Axel would take care of his health and would not drink so much home brew beer, (he drank a full pint almost every evening), and would chew less "snus," maybe he could stand it. Anyway, he owed it to his family to work as many hours as possible, health or no health.

Thelma thought her father a perfect brute to even hint at quitting or losing time just when she was entering high school and needed so many new dresses and things. She broke down entirely, and almost spoiled her eyes with weeping.

Carl and Ivor did not, I am afraid, catch very much of the conversation, but they got the idea that their father was planning to do something terrible that would spoil their fun, and they stormed and wept, and said they did not believe Axel was their father anyway, and begged their mother to get a divorce and marry a man that would be good to them.

Gus told Ole, in an aside, that the wage cut would probably not affect them. For the superintendent had privately told him that those who qualified for the baseball, drill and rifle teams would not have their wages reduced, and would not be required to work overtime on practice days.

Said Ole: "Listen, kid. I should think you'd 'ave had enough of that drilling and shooting over in Argonne wood. Don't you know these rifle teams are being organized for no good purpose? Don't you know that the mill companies plan to go on cutting wages and lengthening the hours and speeding up the working pace to the very limit of human endurance, and that when the limit is reached and the slaves begin to growl and grumble, the rifle teams and the baseball teams, and all such, will be expected to become deputy sheriffs or special police or something of the sort and club and shoot the discontented ones back into submission? I ask you, can't you see that?"

"Aw, can the mock heroics," said Gus; "I certainly do not know anything of the kind, and you do not either. You've been listening to those dam'd foreign agitators until you've about lost your mind. Anyway, the cut won't affect you and me if we make the team, and if you're not a bigger fool than I take you for, you'll make a try for it. True enough, you were born in this country, and our parents were born in this country—in Minnesota—but the kind of talk you're handing out shows you're a damn poor American. If you don't like the way we do things over here, why in hell don't you go back to Scandiahooovia?"

Ole did not attend the picnic, and a few days later the superintendent called him into the office and paid him off, saying: "I'm sorry, Ole. But lumber is moving so slow we find it necessary to cut down the crew or we'll soon have the yard piled so full we can't turn around."

"If you can't find sale for your lumber, why is the mill running overtime?" asked Ole.

"You get to hell out of this office and off this company's property, and stay off, or I'll have you arrested." shouted the superintendent.

* * * *

Gus made both the rifle and the drill teams, and soon attained high standing in each. Following the Labor Day tournament, all teams were combined to form what was called The Milltown Guards, and, so great had become his popularity—and his standing with the mill owners—that he was unanimously chosen commander.

Carried on the books of the company as a foreman, at wages much higher than he had ever dreamed of getting, he devoted all his time to organizing and instructing his little army. Never one hour did he put in actually producing or helping to produce lumber, or any other values. He moved in the highest society, and became engaged to the superintendent's daughter. He abandoned

his little room at home and took the finest suite in the best hotel in town.

He was not arrogant, however, but a jolly, good fellow with everyone. In a few weeks he became the idol of the town, to be emulated by every schoolboy and pointed to as an example by every parent. Above all, the solid business men never tired of singing the praise of Gus Oleson, and of calling attention to his active loyalty to American principles and high ideals.

* * * *

Ole could not get another job in Milltown and soon drifted away. Wherever he went, he found conditions pretty much the same. Everywhere, wages were being reduced. Everywhere, the longer workday was being re-established in the guise of overtime. But, he found that **not** everywhere were the workers submitting without protest. In many places, unions were being formed. In many places, he heard men speak of actually demanding more wages and shorter hours—even shorter than eight hours.

Ole joined the union, and being without a job much of the time, tried his hand at organization work. He could not make speeches, but he could sell papers and distribute literature. Also, he developed considerable organizing skill. Eventually, he was sent to Milltown to open a hall there and do what he could to educate and organize his old friends and workmates.

His one visit with his folks was not pleasant. Axel had been unable to stand the gaff and lost his job; and was now a prisoner at the county stockade where he was sent under the "Lazy Husband Act" which permitted his wife to draw a certain sum from the state for each day of his incarceration. His mother greeted him as lovingly as her nature would permit, but when she learned that he was connected with "those terrible unionists and agitators" she froze up and said she guessed he had better get a room downtown, "as the neighbors might talk if they see you hanging around here too much."

Thelma would not come in the room while he was there. And Carl and Ivor could talk of nothing but Gus and his soldiers; and state that they were being drilled in the Junior Auxiliary to the Milltown Guards.

He did not meet Gus—and they never did meet until that last day—for although they frequently passed on the streets, Gus always pretended not to see him.

His work among the mill hands prospered nicely. Large numbers were soon coming to the meetings, and a goodly number were taking out membership cards. He thought that by Thanksgiving they might be able to call a strike and force a resumption of the old wage scale and the abolition of compulsory overtime work. But, for Ole, Thanksgiving was never to arrive.

One night, early in November, his mother came to see him and said that on the morrow, when a certain society was to hold high carnival, the parade would march past the union hall; and that when the Milltown Guards, who would march in the rear, came opposite they would stop and wreck the hall and tar and feather its occupants, and run them out of town.

She told him this because, as she said: "You know how Gus is. If he gets started, there's no telling where he'll stop. The town is almost floating in hard cider, and everybody will be more or less drunk. And—I hope you'll go away tonight, and not come back 'til things quiet down."

Ole did not underestimate his danger, and he was not too calloused to respect his mother's feelings, but he felt that his first and greatest duty was to uphold the organization to which he had pledged his life and honor. So, as calmly as possible, he replied:

"Listen, mother. I do indeed know how Gus is, and that there is probably no limit to what he will do if he can. For seven hours, Gus and I lay, side by side, in a shell hole over there and beat off wave after wave of the enemy, until when we were relieved it was not possible to walk in any direction without stepping over or around their dead bodies. Yes, I know Gus, and Gus knows me. Just tell him, if you please, that this union hall is my shell hole. He'll know, then, what to expect."

It is but fair to say that she did kiss him good-bye when they parted.

Morning dawned, quiet and serene. As the day advanced, members dropped in and spoke of a threatened raid. Some of them discussed the advisability of trying to defend the hall. Ole said nothing, but smiled enigmatically and went ahead with his office work.

When the parade came in sight, the hall contained about a dozen persons. Some of them slipped away. A few stayed. None of them were armed. None of them except Ole really believed there would be a raid. He continued to smile and work at his books.

When the parade had passed and was turning to come back, he gave a large envelope to a fellow unionist with the request that it be taken at once to lawyer Simms. The envelope contained Ole's last report to headquarters, filled out in due form to the last detail—and to the last minute.

The head of the parade was now re-passing the hall. Ole closed and locked the door. Turning to the few who were present, he said, "Boys, if any of you want to leave, better go out the back way. It's going to be pretty hot here in a few minutes." Then, moving to a center table, he spread out upon it an automatic pistol and twenty or thirty extra cartridges, and sat down facing the street.

The Milltown Guards came opposite. Gus rode

at their head on a prancing horse. He blew a whistle and his company right-faced and marked time. A second blast caused them to crouch like runners on the starting line. With the third, piercing note, they sprang forward and, in a moment, crashed against the door.

The splintered door flew from its hinges and fell inward, a half dozen raiders falling on top of it. Ole commenced firing.

The storm of bullets was too much for them and they broke, several staggering, stumbling, falling and dying on the streets, blocks away.

Gus saw the break and sprang from his horse to rally his men and lead them in person. As his foot touched the sidewalk, a bullet sped through the doorway and caught him square in the mouth. His head went back, his arms went up, and he sank to the ground, to rise no more.

Ole, his pistol jammed and useless, seized a chair and laid about him so effectively that more than a dozen went down under his blows before he was overpowered.

* * * *

Well, they hung him to the bridge that night. Hung him and shot him full of holes. And everybody said his fate was none too severe for one who had killed his own brother. "And Gus was such a clean, wholesome, upstanding young American, too."



MOVING MOUNTAINS FOR MOLEHILL WAGES

(Continued from page 5)

dends paid by mining companies in Utah in 1923 will amount to more than \$10,000,000 exclusive of \$1,702,224 paid by the United States Smelting, Refining and Mining Company, which controls mines at Eureka and Bingham as well as mines in other states."

There is an indication as to where the wealth produced by this "battering in perpetual night at the treasure vaults of the centuries"—most largely goes to—to further enrich already rich stockholders.

A few facts and figures from one of the big metal mining centers will make more evident the truth of these assertions.

Reference has already been made to Utah. This is a notorious low-wages and non-union state.

Take Bingham Canyon, for example. This camp has been producing ore on a big scale for the past fifty years. There had never been a change room at any of these mines here until the IWW came in last year and called a strike which lasted only six days, and won practically all demands. There is a modern change room now, at each of the mines.

But wages are still low, when one stops to consider the high cost of living. Wages run from \$3.10 up, mostly not up. Room and board costs at least \$40 per month, so you can see what there is left, even if a man works steadily.



Coney Island

By MIRIAM TEICHNER

I have seen the people at play, and my heart cries out in sorrow.
It is meet that a child should have toys, and there must be play
for the people.

But the toys of a child—are they good when they leave it a-
fevered with playing?

Are they good when their paint is a poison that crimsons his lips
and his fingers?

I have seen the people at play, and their playing is not as it
should be.

It is play that is fevered and wild. Their laughter is pitched nigh
to madness.

And the look in the eyes of the men and the lure in the eyes
of the maidens

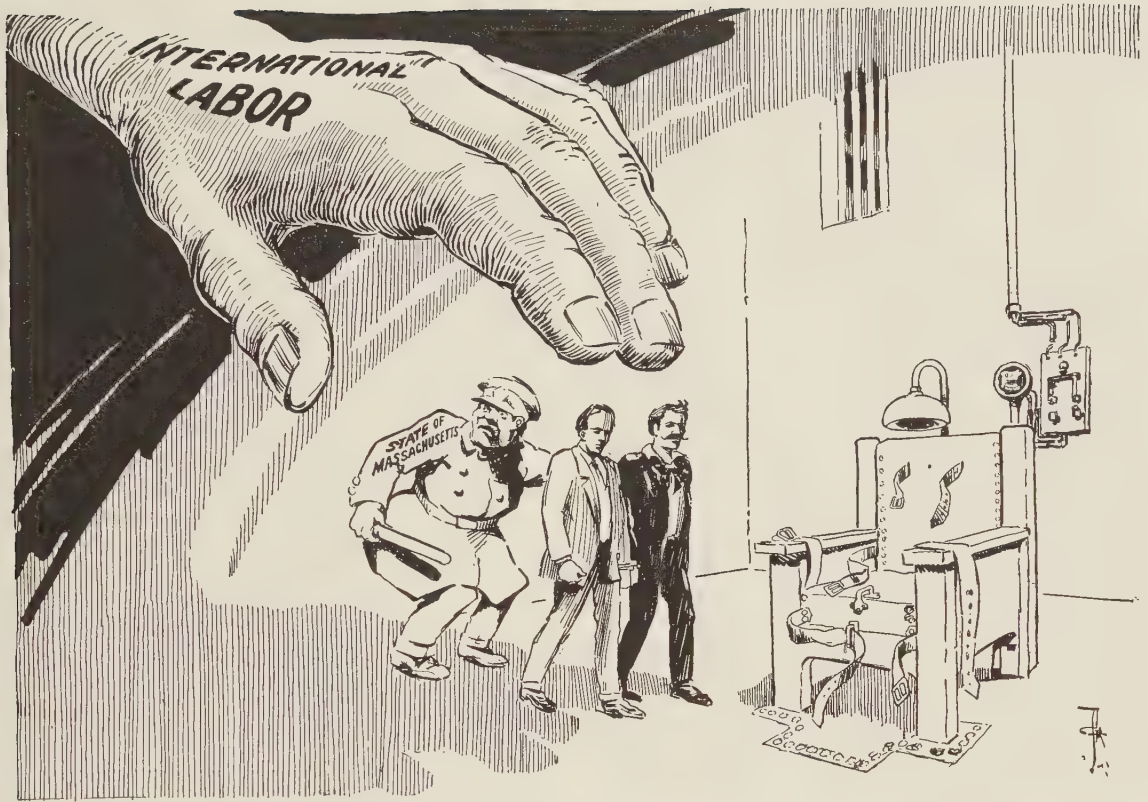
Is tainted and painted, and not as it should be, with joy in the
playing.

I have seen the people at play. The hot yellow lights scarred
the heavens,

And turned them a strange sickly hue. The sky and the sea were
so peaceful,

So purely and splendidly blue. And there came a shy small
moon-maiden

And tiptoed her path through the zenith, but none spared a
moment to greet her.



Sacco and Vanzetti Have Not Been Executed—Yet

Events and Victims

(Continued from page 4)

the warring nations suddenly espouse the causes of those fatherlands whence they have gladly fled in search of bread and of a new life. Those from the neutral countries are extolling to the stars their birthland's governments which know how to spare their peoples the scourge and the horror of this insane war.

Each of the two fighting groups is dead sure of being in the right, of having been attacked first, of being entitled to victory which will bring great advantages; while the neutrals laugh at both sides and look down from a superior height with benign compassion upon them, posing as supermen who know all things.

These disinherited of the many fatherlands in whom the forced exodus from their native place has frozen the very tears in their hearts, to whom everything was denied from bread to education, whence are they drawing their antagonistic opinions, their false information, their thousand errors, their equivocal reasonings, their unjustified indignation and foolish hopes, their passions, hatreds and grotesque vainglory?

Alas, it is just because I believe myself to have a little knowledge of some of the sources of this

evil, that I am classed as a rebel and an innovator, and have the time to tell you, my reader, these reminiscences of mine. Instead of an interrogation to myself, the above question was rather a statement of facts brought to my mind by the logical train of thought on war matters. But just at this point, as I glanced through the train, I saw the glaring headlines on the newspapers which everyone was devouring.

There was my answer, in part at least—the Press! Yes, from the press which calls itself Italian, New Liberian, German, Spanish, English, French. The inciting scribblers, prostituting their intelligence for the gold of those who desire war, keep their pens busy concealing and perverting the truth, safely hiding their infamy behind the excited ignorance of the masses, which makes every lie possible.

The helots of the earth are going mad. The newspapers are rapidly increasing their circulation. The shrewd pile up fortunes. How wonderful is war! All are posing as generals, strategists, economists, statesmen, and, oh, the gorgeously colored, great ideas they are thundering forth!

But the comedy gives place to tragedy; ties of

friendship and affection are severed; daggers are sharpened and revolvers fondled. Thus the beautiful, the holy war becomes another cause of dissension, hatred and competition into which, by pressure or social conditions and their own ignorance, the workers are driven.

But in the New Liberians the war excites only contempt and execration. To them the peoples across the ocean, cutting each other's throats, destroying towns, fields, forests, roads and bridges, are but stupid people of inferior minds, without ideals, hordes of barbarians, blind and docile tools in the hands of greedy kings, who use them ruthlessly to further their designs of conquest and domination by violence, fraud and robbery.

"No," they cry, "we will never join in such a barbarous game. We, free citizens of this republic, we elected as our president a man who has promised to keep us out of the war.

It is true! Now the nation is galvanized by pride. From his seat the President of New Liberia has proclaimed: "The New Liberians are too civilized to fight and to entrust to arms the defense of their rights. New Liberia will never take part in the war."

Marat was right when he said: "It is necessary to praise the people; it is necessary to intoxicate it by a vain exaltation of itself in order to more easily and better deceive it."

* * *

During this period New Liberia is rapidly overcoming the economic crisis which has afflicted her for several years. As if by magic old industries acquire new vigor, new ones are established and thrive, unemployment is disappearing, the labor demand is becoming urgent, wages are rising . . . but still more are prices and profits.

Who is performing this miracle? Whence this unexpected blessing?

The war has performed the miracle. The blessing comes straight from terror-stricken cities, from the smoking ruins of villages, from devastated fields, from cold deserted hearths, from the oaths of the slayers and the curses and groans of the dying young soldiers, from rivers of blood and heaps of rotting corpses.

And here, in New Liberia, without remorse or sorrow, they are gladly taking advantage of the opportunity and feeding and equipping the war. By making the war possible they are reaping undreamed-of profits and colossal fortunes.

* * *

A vigorous jolt of the train coming to a standstill tore me from my meditation.

"We are in Greenland," sighed Johnny, starting for the door. On my way to the factory I looked about me. It was a wonderful morning, the air bracing and clear as crystal. Under the bright rays of the morning sun each object stood out clean-cut and vivid, and the wild Nordic panorama of the place appeared in a glory of light.

The railroad station, all red save the black roof steaming with the damp of the past night, looked like the summit of a mountain; the rails glittered like a busy plough-share curving and disappearing into the forest; forest to the right, forest to the left. Further on the windows of some houses were aflame with the reflection of the morning sun glancing through the naked tree-trunks and branches; and high above all, amid a strangely alive black and grey multitude of trees, loomed upon a distant hill a wooden belfry topped by a cross gleaming in the sunlight and dominating over all.

This village is one of the very many industrial, feudal, tenures, scattered amid the forests along the river banks and coasts of New Liberia. It bears the name of the overlord who owns by law the two churches, the two factories and almost all the houses and the soil itself. I leave it to your imagination, my reader, what may belong to such an overlord by arbitrament or even by desire—if, from your knowledge of the ancient feudalism of the old nobility in the name of God, you can deduce the possibility of this actual feudalism of the present-day bourgeoisie in the name of the law.

When we reached the main entry John pushed the door open, and quickly closed it behind us as I crossed the threshold. What a difference from outside! I felt an instinctive impulse to flee—to return to the sunshine and life-giving air, blessed and pure. But I resisted, and followed John who, after a few steps, stopped in front of the superintendent's office and said: "I am going to work; you wait here, and when Mr. D— comes in, ask him for a job."

I waited, and while waiting I examined my surroundings. Inside the entry there was a hall about thirty-six feet long, and about half as high as the building. A door and a window opened on the left wall—both looking into the superintendent's office. The right wall was blind. The long hall led into a great room with small windows, and in it was a crane on wheels running from one end to the other.

This was the factory.

Barrels and demijohns reinforced by wooden frames were piled here and there. At the rear, the floor was coated with cement. Here stood two huge wooden tanks about fifteen feet high with platforms and iron railings round them. Wooden steps led to the platforms. The enormous covers of the tanks were kept suspended over them by fixed cranes. Metal pipes of various dimensions were to be seen all around. A very long rubber hose lay along the floor.

Human figures covered with dirt and wearing high wet boots and rubber gloves were moving round the tanks.

While I was observing intently, Mr. D— entered his office. Presently he came out and looked at me inquiringly.

"Have you any work for a laborer?" I asked.

"I need men for the tanks. I pay them ten cents an hour more than the other laborers."

"I don't want to work at the tanks."

He started to go, then stopped, made a half turn, glanced at his watch, and said: "Go to work with the laborers."

* * *

The old wooden floor had to be replaced by a new one of concrete; raw materials and new machinery had to be unloaded, manufactured goods and empty vessels had to be shipped. All of which was entrusted to the laborers. The timber from the old floor, which was still usable, had to be removed and piled up beyond the factory, while that which was useless had to be taken to a little creek in the woods nearby where the drainage water flowed in a lazy stream which every few steps made a little pool and then resumed its feeble journey.

I soon realized that if the other factory was, in John's words, "a veritable hell," this was the extreme limit of purgatory.

There was not a mouse in the factory, not an insect in the woods and waters nearby. Even the birds kept far away from it and circled it in their flight as a ship steers round a danger spot, or soared high above it. The vegetation all around was dead or withering.

It is civilization, it is prosperity—which Johnny says "makes the paupers live"—that projects poisons into the air and water, driving out everything that is not artificial. But can man—man who is the most sensitive and delicate of creatures—thrive and rise where the very birds, mice, insects and plants are unable to exist?

* * *

The foreman was a New Liberian of gigantic stature. He had the simple mentality, the habits, the manners of a man born and raised in a village. Unfit as he evidently was for the surroundings of a modern industrial plant which grinds and subordinates everything to profit—he must have got his position through "pull." He was slow, inexperienced, incapable of harassing the workers, and good at heart. We treated him well and tried to make up for his inexperience by our industry. He was amused and laughed at the many ingenious

devices with which the experienced worker multiplies his physical strength and motions, and, watching our calculations of time and motion, he wondered how we laborers had learned in the practical school of life those elementary principles of physics and mechanics which we had not had time and opportunity to learn in schools of learning.

And yet sometimes the luminous eyes of this simple giant became cold when observing us. He had heard so many wild tales, so many horrible stories, about these "foreigners," who smiled at him and with whom he had come in contact for the first time. He hardly understood himself his vague feeling of distrust; something beyond his own power to analyze, something intangible, instilled into him a sort of fear, a repugnance, a hatred which strangely intermingled with his lack of mental strength to understand. At moments it seemed that they might be good men, then again, because he had not always known them, he thought it must be impossible that they should be good; and yet he could not point out even to himself in what way they were bad. They were "foreigners," that was enough; that was the answer.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon a thick greenish fume began to rise from the tanks, rising to the ceiling and then floating down again in a cloud-like mass. From this and from the tanks themselves emanated an irritating odor of sulphuric acid gas, stifling and choking the workers and burning their eyes. Soon tears were streaming from my smarting eyes, and I asked the man next to me if they were manufacturing dyes or asphyxiating gases.

Coughing violently, and with his eyes closed, he answered: "Wait, and you will find out."

I did not have to wait long. A layer of fumes rose and covered the whole of the ceiling of the factory, then gradually descended to meet a new cloud rising from the tank. The cloud grew thicker and thicker. The thicker it got and the nearer it came, the greater was our suffering. There were convulsive coughs on every side, the tears poured from our eyes, and finally we were all coughing and crying. The men at the tanks quit their work and hurried away, followed by the carpenters working near them. Handing over our shovels, we stopped work also, as it was impossible to keep our eyes open. The windows were flung open, but without result—we got no relief; our suffering became unbearable, the fumes choked us and burned our eyes until we were frantic. Coughing, weeping, blinded, gasping, groping, we went back to the door. Here we stopped, hesitating, until a puff of the pestiferous exhalation almost overcame us. At last we threw open the door and rushed into the open.

* * * *

Now that the "men of the tanks" were near to me, I had a chance to observe them. I scrutinized each one, I tried to understand them. It was not



Working and Stifling

so difficult to understand their thoughts and emotions at that moment. They were New Liberian farmers who had quit the soil for the factory, yielding to the spell exercised by the fascination of the town upon their native mentality, urged by the occult social factors which they unconsciously obeyed. Under the sincere sunlight they looked more haggard than they appeared in the factory. Pale, emaciated, dirty—a pitiful lot! And yet, upon their countenances were deep lines of strong determination and great hopes. These sentiments were written all over them, even in their gestures. That in their minds were whirlingly dancing fascinating dreams of glories and great fortunes was as evident as the poisoning of their cells that caused their ghastly appearance.

They were repeating to themselves: "Thus, even as we, and maybe still lower, many men have begun whose fame and wealth the world is now bowing down to. Ah, yes, it takes hard work, strength of will, perseverance, self-denial, the spirit of sacrifice, to become rich and powerful."

Knowing that we had refused to work at the tanks, and were satisfied with our lower wages, and, worse, satisfied to wield the shovel which they already cordially despised, it was plain that they held us in contempt as "cowards." They did not say so, they kept silent, but let it be understood by that very silence, the very air seemed to echo: "Cowards, you will always be miserable."

"Yes, it is true," my thoughts answered their looks, "we shall always be miserable, indeed, always more miserable, as long as we do not know how to free ourselves and find the impetus, the courage and the strength to conquer and master our own destiny. But in a premature grave you, poor cheated fools, will witness the wreckage of your absurd hopes and false faith, while physical weakness, multiplied vices, false sentiments and oppression will be the only heritage that fate, shaped by your own folly and that of others, reserves to your children."

What perversion! How far they have strayed in so short a time!

Who ignores what happened in the latter part of the 18th century when the great industries at their inception called for service which no one was willing to give? Who ignores the violences which, after vain promises and allurements proved fruitless, were used to drive the peasantry from the country to the city, to compel them to leave the loved furrows and give the strength of their arms to the new machinery? To become twice slaves—slaves of the masters and slaves of the new machines! Who ignores the intervention of the law which first deprived them of their fields by the abolition of the communal lands, then condemned to the gallows the rebellious peasants it had forced into vagabondage; and the bloody rebellions of these same peasants, bloody with their own blood alone?

And yet these ancient peasants showed a heroic



Slaves of the Master and of the Machine

resistance. Because they loved their fields, their independence, the northeast wind as well as the dog-days, and under the blazing sun and the lash of the elements had grown sane and normal, exuberant with life, they instinctively felt and clearly thought that in the cities and factories people lost health both of body and soul.

Finally having been deprived of their lands, compelled to a vagrancy punishable by the gallows, they submitted and went to the cities, to the factories—to physical and moral aberrations.

But ever since those days a great dream of redemption, token of a radiant future, has flourished in the spirits of the vanquished. And only by the realization of that dream which will abrogate every unjust mortgage upon the rights and the value of life, do the vanquished expect to attain that place assigned by nature to every man born of woman at the banquet of life.

But now, and here, these arch-conceited villains, docile descendants of brave and rebellious grandparents, are abandoning their own fields, liberty and health, to run to the factory, in a mad attempt to attain wealth. Why?

* * * *

A man appeared at the gate to tell us that we might return to our work. We silently obeyed. Each one resumed his task.

* * * *

It is customary for every experienced laborer, when new on a job, to imitate the methods, habits, and conduct of the older workers. This is the only way to avoid being abused by the foreman, to preserve the rights acquired in the conflicts between masters and slaves, and also to escape the bitter rebukes of the other workers.

The next morning, following the rule, I observed and did whatever the other workers did. Thus imitating them I was given a pair of new gloves, and was much surprised to see the men seizing their shovels and cleaning them with great care. They scrubbed and scraped the handles as hard as they could, using a scraper that they afterwards threw away. Wondering at this, I asked the reason for such unusual cleanliness.

"Do you see this greenish layer of dust on the shovel? It is poison. This is a dangerous busi-

ness; watch out, take care. Get new gloves every morning; clean your shovel thoroughly; clean your hands carefully before touching anything you eat. At the slightest scratch run to the drugstore. You see, we are working among the most dangerous poisons all the time. Remember, and do as I tell you as long as you work here."

I thanked him.

* * * *

Several weeks passed without accident except the daily exhalation of sulphuric acid and a few comic episodes arising from the obstinacy of the laborers concerning the work about the tanks. One morning we noticed several pipes turned and others broken to pieces around the tanks, and the traces of an abundant use of water. A strange silence reigned in the factory. What had happened during the night work? A calamity? Had that water been used to cleanse the floor of human blood? I shall never know.

A few days afterward something happened, which, though apparently insignificant, was soon to cut off an exuberant young life, to whom the future was smiling with the fascination of a thousand illusions.

To explain this happening, I must go back a little. From the first day of my arrival, my attention had been attracted by the queer ways of one of the men. He was a handsome youth of about twenty-seven years, of rather short stature, but broad shouldered, strong and agile. His dress was something between that of a clerk and a laborer. He spoke to no one. He moved quickly, often passing his hands through his thick hair when it hung down his face, and if his hands were occupied, he would toss it back from his forehead with a beautiful, energetic movement of his head.

For several days I tried to find out what his regular trade was, but without success. I saw him move about, stopping here and there to wield furiously the pick, shovel or hammer—strike a great blow to the right, another to the left, then drop the tool as if it were burning his hands.

He handled all kinds of tools in succession, changing places and working with surprising restlessness. An old laborer easily recognized the symptoms. Alfred—this was his name—was a job hunter, morally faithless. As with all adventurers, he was trusting to dishonesty, legal or otherwise, to get the leisure, the comforts and the satisfactions which the honest worker cannot afford. Not sufficiently ignorant to share with the simple-minded folk the childish hope of an equitable reward for labor; not sufficiently educated to be familiar with the natural law of compensation; unwilling to work and without an independent income, he could only depend on evil, which he did. He thought he saw a chance to "rise," to "get ahead." The time and the place were propitious.

He was sure that Germany would be utterly defeated and that New Liberia would inherit leadership in the production of chemicals. If anyone had

told him that within a few years the New Liberian barons of the new industry would have to engage lobbyists and politicians to obtain protective tariffs and laws in order to withstand the competition of German products, Alfred would have thought him crazy.

"Here it is possible to get a good position," he was thinking. It was sufficient for him to show that he had no scruples, nor weak or human respect for the less fit than he, in order to prove that he knew how to use authority and command. At last he was wearing his first laurels!

The first laurels . . . ! He had succeeded in supplanting the old foreman, who thus became a plain laborer!

But this man, so harshly treated, knew how to conceal his internal suffering. Only a slight paleness, an unnatural brightness of his blue eyes that gradually grew colder, and a repressed tremor that shook his huge body—the most cruel form of weeping—whispered of the battle within.

The sorrow and shame of a man who had in himself the sincerity and virtue of an era which is disappearing awaken our pity. That evening, in his home, the giant wept like a child, and with him wept his old aunt, a spinster who had been a mother to him.

That same evening Alfred was kissed by his young wife as the brave and victorious are rewarded—he was fighting and winning his way upward.

And we realized that we had lost out in the change.

* * * *

The next morning Alfred arrived at the factory confident and happy, this time in command. Also the blue-eyed giant had arrived, but to be commanded, to take orders, to obey. And to be commanded for the first time, at his age! To be commanded, he, with white hair, whose ancestors had fought for the glory and independence of the fatherland, commanded by a despised intruder from across the border. This was too much for a man who sincerely believed himself to belong to the elect, the people pre-elected by God and nature; to a race for whose benefit and service the semi-human rabble, the nameless, graceless hordes driven by hunger, misfortune and ignorance to the sacred shore of his native land, had been created.

Sleepless and sorrowful he had passed the night, recalling, understanding and realizing all the perfidy and trickery by which Alfred had supplanted him, feeling ridiculed, humiliated, offended. A mortal hatred seized him. He tried in vain to hide his anguish under the cloak of an external calm. We saw him turn pale as he picked up his shovel to start with us to heavy labor.

Alfred was determined to show his superiority over his predecessor by trying from the first hour to make us work harder than before. He had laid his plan of procedure.

That day cement was being prepared for the new

floor. The new boss seized a tub of water and began to pour it into the material as fast as he could, knowing that the material must be mixed as fast as the water is poured. By setting a fast pace he intended to force us to do likewise.

Laughing at the way he not only soaked the men around him, but also himself, we exchanged knowing looks.

The days had passed when a tremendous labor crisis rendered the "meat work," the most despised, turned the workers from their huts, deprived them of their daily bread, forced them to prostitution, espionage, crime and suicide. The beautiful, the holy war, had relegated all that to the memories of the accursed past. We exchanged knowing—planning looks. We were not afraid of losing our poor jobs. Were we not sought after, respected, appreciated, petted and flattered? Did we not seem to live among different people in a different world? The rabble had not forgotten the insults, the ineradicable sufferings, and everywhere it took advantage of the favorable opportunity and revenged itself by returning worse for evil to the slave-driving foremen, and by doing slow, careless work in place of the former bestial toil.

"It is very undignified—in fact, dishonorable," someone, strong in morals, may observe.

Undignified—true, but not dishonorable. Can the slaves be blamed if they have been defrauded of common sense and dignity? Of the "natural sense" as Marat used to say? And if they had not been thus defrauded, would they be slaves at all?

To one who warned them that a historical tragedy had been started and not a carnival; that by working they were making themselves the accomplices of the masters and tyrants; that no one would be spared; that darker and more ferocious would be unemployment, hunger, shame and desperation—the slaves replied that the war will disclose to the lucky survivors (among whom, of course, each was sure he would be) an earthly paradise. And to one who insisted upon teaching them, they replied: "Is it possible that you, a ragamuffin like ourselves, presume to think that you know more and better than the storekeeper, the barber, the journalists, the preachers, the kings and their ministers, and the President himself?"

But to return to facts—slaves are so accustomed to toil that they worked even harder than the interest of the owners and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would have allowed horses to work. Never before in history was the sweat of slaves more vain for themselves, more productive to the slave-drivers.

Well, reader, I have gone a little off the beaten path, but the conditions and reasons exposed in this digression, are just the conditions and reasons which brought about our agreement to play a practical joke on our new foreman, and to escape punishment.

Instead of keeping up with Alfred's speed, we did just the opposite and began to mix the material very slowly, so that Alfred soon saw that he had poured in too much water. Then he ordered us to add more cement and sand, and we purposely added too much, and more water was required, and the joke would have continued if Alfred, understanding the ill feeling, had not gone away followed by our jeers of derision.

He had certainly made a bad start, but scorn was not sufficient to cure him. Alfred was not bad at heart, it was simply that he had to "get ahead" and make his career by tormenting, or seeming to torment, his underlings. He thought that the way to succeed was the show of authority. It made him feel big and powerful, and he thought it would make him look as he felt. He proudly looked upon his recent promotion as the first step toward success. Young, sufficiently educated, he anticipated a far better position than his present one, if, of course, he knew how to play his present role. His duty, he believed, was to behave as he had done that morning. He had a lovely young wife who made him very happy, and their baby, beautiful as love, was just blessing them with its first smiles.

For this woman's sake, for the sake of their child, Alfred was unjust to his fellow men. Worse than wicked, he was unconscious of the urge which compelled him to seek the happiness of his beloved ones at the expense of other men's happiness.

Whose the fault, if not that of present-day society based on competition and antagonism which compelled him to play the role of either wolf or lamb, as all others must be either wolves or lambs?

* * * *

During the weeks following the day of his promotion some of the men contracted the dreadful infection of which I had been so carefully warned by my fellow worker.

It began with small white blisters between the fingers and the toes, and the skin began to break out in an eruption which spread gradually to the forearms, the armpits, the breast, and finally invaded the whole body, causing swelling and an almost intolerable constant itching. Some were so seriously affected that they had to undergo medical treatment for several months. However, in spite of this fact the number of laborers increased because the winter season was driving them, as it had driven me, from their regular work. They were glad to get any kind of work rather than remain idle through the winter.

Production was being increased, and more raw materials and new machinery were necessary, so that, in order to accomplish many different operations at the same time, the men were sometimes divided into gangs. In such emergencies one of the gangs was entrusted to the ex-foreman, whom,

to tell the truth, the superior officer never compelled to work with us; on the contrary under one pretext and another they tried to keep him away from us. But he was so outraged and offended that he disdained their efforts and kept with us for sheer hostility.

Sometimes we were detailed to work outside the factory, away from the direct surveillance of the head officer. Then Alfred would reveal himself. He would change his manners and seem to say: "I am not as bad as you believe me; this is the world we live in and that is the role I must play; that is all there is to it." And he would pass a package of cigarettes around.

* * * *

More than a month after his promotion, Alfred one fine morning in January left the superintendent's office, and with a determined expression and rapid step came to us who were mixing cement. He picked out some of us and ordered us to follow him. We went out and walked toward a freight car near which a Slav driver was waiting, holding the reins of two horses hitched to a wagon.

The company's private track reached almost to

the gate of the factory, but many years of disuse had made it almost unfit for use, therefore the freight cars had to be stopped at some distance from the factory. This freight car was loaded with machinery parts which were to be taken to the factory. Alfred's face, voice, words, gestures, everything about him showed plainly that he was over excited, dominated by a fixed idea to the point of obsession.

Why? It was very simple to understand. When ordering him to do that work the superintendent had taken out his watch to look at the time. Most likely he did it automatically, through force of habit, but Alfred gave to the possibly unconscious gesture a wholly different interpretation, and was terribly agitated.

In little things as in big the slaves are as a rule, and rightly so, hostile to their master and his commands. But there are cases in which, owing to either collective aberrations or personal unexpressed interests—or things held to be so—they surpass in their zeal the most optimistic expectations of those in command.

Such was our case.

Alfred took hold of a hand truck with such wholehearted earnestness that we believed he had determined to get one wagon load to the factory before noon, and we helped him willingly. Before twelve o'clock one wagon load was not only in the factory, but unloaded. At one the whistle found us at the freight car ready to begin work again.

There were just about two more loads left in the car, as the most stupid of laborers would have easily seen, and we had four hours ahead of us in which to finish the job. It could have easily been done in three hours, and, after all, the object was to empty it that day to save the demurrage. Obsessed by the desire to show off, to prove his ability to turn out work, Alfred seemed to be possessed by a devil. Instead of attending to their work, the men were compelled to watch out for the safety of their feet and legs, which were constantly endangered by Alfred's frantic efforts.

John and I went to the opposite end of the car to take down a heavy steel beam. Suddenly Alfred ordered us to stop work, though the wagon was little more than half full, leaving more material in the car than could be taken in one load and not nearly enough for two. But Alfred did not reason, he ordered us to start for the factory. Thirty minutes later we were back in the car.

"All hands here," he commanded as he placed a hand truck beside a very heavy block. With an "all together" effort of muscle and will the block was hoisted upon the wagon. Another still heavier block was placed beside the first. On top of these a steel axle was placed, and in the spaces between some lighter pieces. Evidently Alfred had determined to empty the car with this single trip of the wagon, but seeing at last the absurdity of the idea he changed his plan, and in order to make us for-



The Ancient Struggle: To Be Free

get his harshness and stupidity, took out a package of cigarettes and passed it around.

The New Liberian giant turned his back, refusing the offer with a disdainful growl. The rest of us smoked and laughed at Alfred's foolishness. There were only a few pieces of metal left in the car and the wagon was overloaded.

Alfred threw away the stub of his cigarette, got on the wagon and ordered us to follow him. Seeing that I remained in the freight car he asked me if I was afraid to get on the wagon.

"Certainly I am," I answered; "the wagon is overloaded."

He smiled and gave orders to start. John and I feared for those who were on the wagon, and we followed on foot a short distance behind. The wagon wheels creaked and groaned ominously on over the road which had been made rough and uneven by the sudden frost which had followed several warm days of rain.

When the wagon reached the level of the northeast corner of the factory and was turning toward the gate, the laborers, judging it safer, jumped off. At the gate the driver made the horses turn so that he could back them into the factory. This for good reasons, the first being to avoid the risk of the horses being frightened or hurt by the pieces of machinery picked up by the cranes passing over their heads, and secondly on account of the narrowness of the place.

The Slav driver maneuvered with such admirable skill that the wagon was soon in the desired position. The ex-foreman had jumped off with the others. Only Alfred remained on the wagon so that he would be ready the moment the crane got in position to start to unload.

The driver backed his horses and the wagon into the gateway, but in so doing he bumped against one of the walls. The space was very narrow, and it was extremely difficult to handle the horses. Three times he urged the horses forward, and as many times backed them, without succeeding in crossing the hall.

Both driver and horses grew more and more nervous. Alfred was on the wagon, his eyes fixed on the crane. No one was paying any attention to him. As nothing had happened coming along on the rough road, there seemed no reason to fear an accident on a smooth, concrete pavement.

The driver again got his horses in the right position and in a voice of thunder shouted to them to start, but the team had been badly trained and made a jump forward, which shook the wagon dangerously.

At a still more imperative shout from the driver, the team bounded forward, causing the wagon wheels to strike violently against the threshold, which was slightly raised above the pavement, that the bolts securing the body broke and the loaded frame started to slide off.

Alfred turned pale, but with admirable presence

of mind and agility got on his feet and slid backward onto the floor unhurt. He tried to get out of the way of the falling load, but in stepping back he hit his shoulder against the big chain of the crane. The poor fellow, in his fear and excitement, did not realize the nature of the obstacle, for instead of pushing it aside and going ahead, he stopped, stared in terror at the falling load, and then jumped against the wall, shoving his shoulder against it as though he would push it out of the way. But evidently he did not feel safe, for he made another convulsive movement, hit his foot against a shovel standing against the wall, stumbled, and fell on his back near the truck.

Then he tried to master his terror. A fatal victory. If he had continued to be terror-stricken, he might have intuitively rolled over and escaped danger. But the effort he made to control his mental faculties had paralyzed his body, and for an instant, while the enormous load of steel was about to fall, he remained motionless, conscious of his imminent and horrible doom. Without a movement of his white face his eyes grew serene and turned upward.

Speechless, nailed to the ground by horror and impotence, following his every move, I longed to cry out to him to roll over, but my throat would not emit a sound.

A dull, heavy noise made the ground tremble. The noise was followed by a tremendous metallic vibration as from an impact of iron against iron, then a moment of deathlike silence, broken by an indescribable scream of pain and despair. Alfred was supine on the floor, the three heavy steel beams across his legs, crushing his thighs and groin.

His legs were broken, but it must have been the excruciating pain in his groin and thigh that made Alfred scream and scream again.

The New Liberian carpenters working near to whom I called with all my might and who must have heard Alfred's screams, thinking the victim was only a "foreign laborer" kept on hammering and made no move.

My fellow laborers who had witnessed the accident seemed as powerless as I. At last I was able to rush to the poor lad and, seizing hold of the beam across his groin, I strained with all my strength, but in vain. Screaming entreaties to my fellow laborers until they awakened to action, we tugged and lifted and at last the heavy beams were removed from Alfred's tortured limbs, and then, gently, tenderly, we carried him from the tangle of machinery.

While he was imprisoned beneath the beams scream after scream, incoherent, obscene oaths and blasphemies had leaped from his pain-wracked lips. But now they ceased. A great change came over his face. The lines of almost unendurable pain were erased as if by magic. His eyes cleared and it seemed as though he could in his dying moments understand those things which all his life had been

sealed mysteries to him. In pain he was at peace.

Certainly I had no hatred for this man now, though a few minutes before the accident I could have hated him as much as I despised him. If he brought us a great deal of trouble, he brought more to himself.

Superior to the torture of his flesh, the torture of his soul rendered him silent. The approach of death seemed to reveal all that Alfred might have been. A dignity worthy of man, a serenity of face, a poise of soul, all seemed to be expressed in those last moments, before the virility of those eyes should be gone forever.

* * * *

The next day, commenting on the accident, every laborer was of the opinion that it was much better that Alfred should thus have caused his own death before he had caused some real worker or workers to be killed, as would inevitably have been the case, for "this is the world, and that is Alfred's role."

And I, by a vast association of ideas and comparisons, saw in Alfred not only the victim but the symbol of mankind. Mankind striving, like Alfred, to overload the wagon of life with faults and absurdities, and reducing itself in the end to the same condition as Alfred, bruised and broken, perishing with an obscene phrase upon lips made livid by approaching death.

Because there is no other way out: Either renew or perish.

THE END

The Illusion of War

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

WAR I abhor, and yet how sweet
The sound along the marching street
Of drum and fife, and I forget
Wet eyes of widows, and forget
Broken old mothers, and the whole
Dark butchery without a soul.

Without a soul, save this bright drink
Of heady music, sweet as hell;
And even my peace abiding feet
Go marching with the marching street.
For yonder, yonder goes the fife
And what care I for human life?

The tears fill my astonished eyes
And full my heart is like to break
And yet 'tis all embannered lies,
A dream those little drummers make.

O it is wickedness to clothe
Yon hideous, grinning thing that stalks,
Hidden in music, like a queen,
That in a garden of glory walks,
Till good men love the thing they loathe.

Art, thou hast many infamies,
But not an infamy like this—
Oh, snap the fife and still the drum,
And show the monster as she is.



FOR PEACE OR WAR?

The Industrial Pioneer & & Gains Favor Everywhere

A flood of testimonials from readers shows that the Industrial Pioneer is more than winning its way—it has won the interest and regard of the working class of America, and its influence is spreading beyond the seas.

AND WHY SHOULDN'T IT?

Where else in America, or in the world, for that matter, will you find any monthly magazine as bright, up-to-date, and attractively illustrated, dealing fundamentally with industry from a worker's point of view?

IT IS PROLETARIAN ART

The best efforts of the real rank and file of the revolutionary wide-awake IWW, are saved for the Industrial Pioneer. Poetry, science, painting, photography: the skill of the novelist and of the short story writer, as well as the technical observer and special feature writer, are all found among the common people. They bring to their literary work a freshness and soundness of thought that is lacking in the more sophisticated, more artificial pensters of the bourgeoisie. People read the Industrial Pioneer for its beauty, its information, and most of all for its sanity.

YOU CAN HELP

You, as a proletarian yourself, should help in this great work. Write for the Pioneer yourself—you don't know what you can do until you try. And see that it gets circulated. You don't know what you can accomplish, until you take a bundle order on the street. If you haven't any address, use the subscription blank below to send the Pioneer to some homeguard.

THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER, 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Enclosed please find \$1.00 for which send PIONEER for six months to

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

RATES: \$2 a Year; 6 months, \$1. Foreign Postage Extra.